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CHRONICLE.

THE DUKES OF CLARENCE. THE QUEEN has bestowed upon Prince EDWARD of WALES the title of Duke of CLARENCE, with the supplementary dignities of Duke of AVONDALE and Earl of ATHLONE, the creation being made public on her own real, though not her official, birthday.

The farce of obstruction ended lamely enough in Parliament on Friday week, the Irish members, and still more their English friends, having no intention of losing their holidays, but wishing to make themselves as great nuisances as possible. They succeeded to the extent of necessitating an evening as well as a morning sitting, and that was all. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN refused to be comforted, because the private member is to be deprived in future of his Tuesdays and Fridays; Mr. SEXTON, because there had not been given time enough for Irish grievances, as a proof of which his party at once began one of the usual sham wrangles with Mr. BALFOUR as to the Tipperary meeting arranged for Whit Sunday. But Mr. SMITH's motion was carried, the Budget Bill passed by 141 to 67, the Pleuro-Pneumonia Bill read a third time, the Allotments Bill passed through Committee, the report of the Vote on Account agreed to, and the Barracks Bill read a second time; so that, when the House adjourned to Monday next, a really respectable amount of business had been done—only grudgingly, instead of cheerfully.

Yet beyond these voices there was not peace. Speeches. In spite of holidays, in spite of fine weather, in spite of everything, political talk has gone on. No political meeting during what may be called the acutest part of the holiday-time—to wit, Saturday and Monday—equalled that at which Lord ROSEBURY presided over enthusiastic co-operators at Glasgow. But Mr. CHILDERS, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, and other impatient "Outs" failed not to emphasize the wickedness of the "Ins"; while a day or two later Sir THOMAS FARRER gave birth to the most charming of anti-climaxes by describing the charges against the Irish members as "abominable and serious." Both Sir THOMAS and the anti-climax are believed to be well.—During the rest of the week some other meetings took place, of which we can only specify a good Unionist gathering at Guildford, where Professor TYNDALL made an excellent speech, not less sound in substance and less unguarded in language than usual. Several meetings were held on the other side against Compensation, at one of which a letter was read from Sir THOMAS FARRER. Letters have also been published from Sir THOMAS FARRER on the finances of the County Council. It is beginning to be reported that Sir THOMAS FARRER was the original of Mr. BROWNING'S CLEON, and that "The little chant So sure to rise from every Surrey 'ill When, lights at prow, the tourist puffs his weed, Is also his."—Commander CAMERON, whose good services in Africa have been rather lost sight of in late years, delivered a useful address on the vexed question of the moment on Thursday.

Mr. GLADSTONE has had a series of *tamashas* Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. On Tuesday there were ten thousand additional excursionists and everything to suit. According to a good old distinction, there were esoteric disciples to the number of three thousand in the courtyard, exoteric disciples to the number of seven thousand in the park; but, as often happens, the cries of the exoterics "at their HOBSON-JOBSON," as the disdainful British private remarked, disturbed the esoterics very much. Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, with its *toujours* Mitchelstown, and its adoption (disguised as an invention) of the silly description of the Government licensing pro-

posals as "Public-house Endowment," may remind some folk of the words of a rude but shrewd person now dead. "The election of 1880," said this unmealy-mouthed one, "was won by hard lying." Apparently Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers think that what has been at least may be. The fun provided for the visitors on this occasion also consisted partly in a merry description by Mr. GLADSTONE of the way in which a policeman was "badly damaged" by what the *Daily News* subsequently described as the "un-armed crowd" at Mitchelstown. The phrase seemed to speaker and hearers so funny that the former repeated it twice, and the latter laughed consumedly each time at it. There is a famous and terrible story of a Cockney *voyou*, which has not, we think, got into print, but which never fails in the hands of a good story-teller. It ends something like this:—"And I 'eard 'is old 'ead go crack on the pavement, just as yer cracks a nut. And didn't I just *larf*!" Of that same kind was the merriment Mr. GLADSTONE and his kind friends felt at Hawarden. Next day, when Liberal Women appeared there, the fun was, as behoved, milder, Mr. GLADSTONE merely confusing a telephone with a phonograph, and remarking on the "generous and disinterested regard" with which the Gladstonian looks on the welfare—and the votes—of others. The entertainment proceeded on Thursday, when Mr. GLADSTONE regaled the Engedi Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church and School of Carnarvon with the remark (after they had sung "Land of My Fathers") that "his voice had been a little in that way in its time," thus confirming the account in the historic page of his performance of "The Camptown Races." Nor were these Mr. GLADSTONE'S only contributions to the gaiety of nations during this festive time, his correspondence with the Rev. Mr. WHITE, of Waterford, on "ideas of compulsion" being even superior, but too intricate to develop here.

Foreign Affairs. The accident to the Emperor WILLIAM last Sunday might have been a very serious one, and its peculiar character has naturally tempted both moralists and wits. A long minority in Germany is certainly not a thing that the coolest critic of foreign affairs can think of quite coolly. The German official newspapers at the end of last week said pretty, and, as it happens, true, things about our administration of Egypt. This is regarded in some quarters as soft-sawder preliminary to unreasonable demands on the Equator. But surely a logical people like the Germans must see that, if we have administered what we have so well, the proper thing will be to give us more to administer.—Nothing of much actual importance in foreign affairs occurred during the earlier part of the week. But the persistence of the French in straining to the uttermost, if not positively going beyond, the letter of their anomalous privileges in Newfoundland, may create ugly difficulties between France and England yet. On Wednesday judgment was given in the cases of the managers of the Société des Métaux and the Comptoir d'Escompte, M. SECRÉTAN and another receiving sentences of fine and imprisonment; while a fine without imprisonment was inflicted on M. HENTSCH. These small fines, by the way, are a curious incident of French penology, as the barbarians call it. They are fleabites to capitalists; while, if a man has no money, naturally *cantat vacuus*.—Some interesting details have also been received about the motion of an ingenious American Senator, Mr. BLAIR, to the effect that England might be positively asked to withdraw her ships, dismantle her forts, and take herself off from America generally. Mr. BLAIR'S fellow Senators themselves, though all to the Great American Joke born, seem to have been puzzled for some time to make out whether their colleague was illustrating that phenomenon or not; but at last, it would appear, they

regretfully and unanimously came to the conclusion that he was quite in earnest, and that the poor man had better be left alone.—The rumours of Portuguese difficulties with the natives in Mozambique are rather unfortunate; for such things do not sweeten the temper of weak and obstinate nations.—The PANITZA trial has come to an end: sentence of death with a recommendation to mercy being passed on the Major, with lesser penalties on his accomplices.

Sport. It is impossible to mention all or many of the cricket-matches of interest during the week; but the revenge which Yorkshire took on the

Australians for their victory over Surrey shows that good judges were not wrong in their estimate of the present colonial team. On the other hand, Surrey itself followed up its bad luck with the Australians, being soundly beaten by Notts at Trent Bridge on Wednesday.—Great interest has been felt in the match at tennis between the American champion PETTITT and CHARLES SAUNDERS at Dublin, the end of which was not till yesterday, and may have been further postponed for a deciding set. On the earlier days' play the competitors were exactly equal, SAUNDERS having won three sets to one on the first day, and PETTITT the same on the second.—There has also been some very interesting yachting during the week, though the new cutter, *Iverna*, has not come up to expectation yet.—The death by an accident of Riviera strikes one of the most promising—some thought the most promising—of three-year-old fillies off the list.

The Tipperary Meetings. A very fine, albeit a somewhat cold, Monday in Whitsun week provided divers amusements for divers classes of people which appear to have been freely partaken of. For one class, perhaps, no amusement could be better than that provided by the account (with Gladstonian comments) of Mr. BALFOUR's latest acts of tyranny in Ireland. Somehow or other the comments on the great Whitsunday Tipperary meeting and the accounts of it did not square even in the same columns, and when the amateur of the sanguinary looked from the one to the other he must have been dreadfully disappointed. A very estimable, though not aged, contemporary has urged all Liberals (that is to say, Gladstonians) to provide themselves with "an impartial narrative" of the Mitchelstown affair. "Yes, my dear Lady BLARNEY, that would be worth any price; but where shall we find it?" Tory accounts, we know, must be false; the others, alas, we know still more certainly, are. And in regard to these later Mitchelstowns the contradiction is worse still. For the difficulty reappeared in the case of the Cashel meeting on Tuesday, where the complete success of the police and troops in putting down a disorderly and prohibited assembly with little resistance, and next to no casualties, was once more travestied into a dragoonade of the brutallest, but wisely also of the vaguest, character.

The *Icarus*. The *Icarus* court-martial, in which great interest has been felt by naval men, and which illustrates the impolicy of weakening the hands of captains as has lately been done, ended on Wednesday by the condemnation of Captain ANNESLEY, though the Court found extenuating circumstances, and merely reprimanded him.

Obituary. The death list of the week includes no name very well known to the English public at large, but the decease of Dr. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, at a great age, removes a very learned, accurate, and painstaking scholar of the practical kind, who had done a great deal, especially in his earlier days, for English education, and was, perhaps, one of the most useful members of the German immigration determined by the QUEEN's marriage.

Books, &c. Among books we may notice Mr. HUME BROWN's monograph (Edinburgh: DOUGLAS) on "GEORDIE" BUCHANAN, a very learned, a very able, and a very unpleasant person; the Badminton Library *Tennis* (LONGMANS); and a fifty-third (as we learn from the useful bibliographical table which Messrs. MACMILLANS, after a fashion much to be recommended to all publishers, prefix to it) edition of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, published at sixpence. Readers of French will welcome "PIERRE LOTI's" new book, *Le Roman d'un Enfant* (Paris: CALMANN LÉVY). Under this head, too, we must notice the most remarkable instance of the recent tendency to coalition among publishers. It has been announced that the famous old house of RIVINGTONS has been merged by purchase into the still older and more famous house of LONGMANS.

AFRICA ONCE MORE.

MR. STANLEY'S newspaper letter in answer to Lord SALISBURY would be better than it is if it had been a little less charged with elaborate irony—a terribly difficult rhetorical ornament to manage. But as it is, and with some minor drawbacks (we do not think that Mr. STANLEY's own figures quite work out to the mileage which he assigns to the German sphere), it is a document of considerable force and value. The worst of it is that, as in almost all writing and speaking on the same side, there is a little too much grumbling over what is past and irrevocable, unless by the sword. It is surely much wiser to take the line of saying, "Certainly we do not want to play either the dog in the manger or the mere monopolist with Africa. Certainly it is not fair that one European nation should have a whole continent to itself. But, as it happens, we have already given you much, and have no objection to rounding it off handsomely," instead of taking all the merit and grace out of the gift by grumbling over it, and wishing we had not given it at all. The two points to emphasize are, first, that, except on the vague score of greed, no reasonable objection could have been taken a few years ago to our laying claim to the entire eastern coast of Africa, from Bab-el-Mandeb to the northern limit of the Portuguese dominions, and at least half way across the continent inland. We had discovered much, explored more, developed all; and anything done in these ways by others was, in the first place, very small in extent, and in the second a mere following and imitation of ourselves. No European Power (putting aside the coast district recognized as Portugal's) had any claim whatever. The only non-European Power of influence, Zanzibar, owed its continued existence to us, and was in all but name our vassal, while it was ready to be that. We alone did police duty by sea along the coast, and the only other Powers that meddled in that matter meddled by obstruction, not by assistance. If England ten years ago or later had formally annexed all Africa from Cape Guardafui to the confluence of the Congo and Aruwimi, and from the southern limits of the Equatorial Province to the Zambesi, howls of general rage and horror at her covetousness might have been raised, but no man could have said that he was actually injured. He might have been anticipated in his hopes, but would certainly not have been deprived of his possessions.

So far Mr. STANLEY and we are agreed. But, while he and those who follow him are looking back regretfully, we prefer to use the retrospect only for the purposes of a cheerful but firm refusal to give any more than the just complement and final instalment of what has been given. Despite official, and very proper, reticences and denials, it is pretty certain that the German negotiators will ask for more than we ought to give. They would, to put the matter bluntly, be fools if they did not. The metaphor of the gown and the sleeve expresses one of the elementary facts of human nature. And it may be freely admitted that the extreme politeness of certain Germans in very high places is not a good sign. Compliments on our administration of Egypt, politenesses to the QUEEN, expressions of cordiality to England on the EMPEROR's part, are very well indeed, and may be sincere, seeing that Germany has nearly as much, if not quite as much, need of England as England has of her. But "for all this thou hast not my sister's," as HENRY SEYTON said to ROLAND GRAEME when he gave him his hand. And for all this politeness the Germans ought not to have Uganda or Unyoro, the monopoly of Lake Tanganyika, the road from there to Lake Nyassa, or several other things which they would, beyond all question, like to have. And, without giving credence to some reports on the subject, there is good reason to believe that there will be a tough battle, though it may be a perfectly friendly one, over the adjustment of the matter. One pretty well informed, and by no means prejudiced, authority shakes its head over "the considerable concessions which will have to be made on both sides." Now, for the life of us, we cannot see what Germany has got to concede, unless it be the treaties, invalid *ab initio*, of the egregious Dr. PETERS. Nothing that she has is at all likely to be taken away from her; everything that she receives will be practically conceded by us. It is a very odd way of describing things to call it a concession to go away with two pounds when you have been asking for five or ten or twenty, with no legal or moral claim to one. And this we say while advocating the plan of giving Germany as much as she can, though with no

positive claim like ours of discovery and so forth, yet with some excuse or reason, ask.

But as to what she may unreasonably ask, we continue also to advocate the most uncompromising resistance, and if we suspected that there was any danger of capitulation on the part of the Government, we should further advocate the putting of the strongest possible pressure upon them. For this is one of the rare cases—indeed the only other recent case was that in which the Liberal-Unionists found themselves when Mr. GLADSTONE deserted to Home Rule—where it may become necessary to withstand party leaders to the face. There is nothing, in our judgment, more contemptible than a man who grumbles and agitates against the leaders of his party because Lord this or Mr. that has made bishops whose churchmanship he does not approve, because he is a temperance man, or an anti-vaccinationist, or dislikes tithes, or for any such matter. Government exists not to comply with the crochets, or even the reasonable desires, of individuals, but to carry on the general affairs of the nation for its greatest good. And each particular Government stands or falls, first of all, by the way in which it maintains unity and order at home; secondly, by the way in which it upholds, and whenever occasion offers enlarges, the possessions and opportunities of the nation abroad. Every Englishman is interested in this African question for a very simple reason. A country like England can only continue to prosper by the continued swarming of its sons to new fields of profit, a swarming which at once gives an opening to those who go and leaves room to those who stay. Now these new fields are being rapidly appropriated, and the old ones are being as rapidly filled up. South Africa, with North-East Africa properly reserved, ought to be to the England of the next century and a half what India has been for the last century and a half, and more, seeing that India, despite its hoarded and apparent wealth, was, as is now recognized, a country which had almost reached the stationary state when we got there. Close Africa, or leave only ragged and ill-connected bits of it open, and this opportunity is lost. Now we have for at least half a century been so behaving ourselves—in fiscal, social, and all other matters—that, if it be lost, disaster is almost certain.

Therefore it is very desirable that information should be spread among every class of the English people on the subject; for every class has an interest in it. The territories which are now at stake offer to capitalists new investments, to the upper classes employment as captains—of industry and other things—to the middle class a continuance of the opportunities by providing which our older colonies and dependencies have made the English middle class the best off in the world, to the so-called working class an endless increase, not only of the prosperity which comes upon the home country at large by increased trade, but of direct employment at far more than English wages and of direct chance of ownership. If these territories are allowed to slip into other hands, all these opportunities will be lost. For there is not a nation in the world, except ourselves, that will, except when compelled, and on the most grudging terms, admit foreigners into its colonies. We are just now at one of those turns where it is a question whether we will take the goods with which the gods (and other people) have provided us or not. The singularly foolish folk who talk about the waste of the wars in the last century forget, or do not know, that those wars put us in the position of men who, having had good investments made for them by their fathers, and having kept up these investments decently well, come in, from time to time, for bonuses to which they have only to assert their claim. This African matter is one of these bonuses, with the difference that, as we lazily abandoned part of it to a friend, he now says that the rest belongs to him, not to us. Let us as firmly but as good-humouredly as possible point out to that friend that it does belong to us; that we are quite ready to give him the portion appertaining to that which we have already let him take, but that we are not going to "take off our clothes before we go to bed." There is no reason to suppose that the present Ministry will mistake, ignore, or shirk their obvious duty. But if any Government—no matter what that Government is—gives up England's just claims, let everybody unite to make it as unpleasant for that Government as possible. A paradoxer might contend that Home Rule itself is less dangerous than the abandonment of this last available fraction of the earth's surface. For every one knows that, if Ireland has Home Rule granted, it will mean Ninety-eight over again,

and then a reconstruction, unless England is so weak that she has simply to give up. If we, of our own motion, abandon Africa to Germany, there is no chance left there except a war against far greater odds than Ireland can ever muster against us.

"LET ME BE DUKE OF CLARENCE."

THE request which we have put at the head of this article may possibly have been made very recently. But if the historical authority of SHAKESPEARE is worth anything, it was addressed long ago to the disposer of honours and dignities by a prince of the Royal House who was not destined to wear the title. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards known to history as RICHARD III., preferred it to that of Gloucester, the dukedom of which he declared "too ominous," for reasons which will be found in SHAKESPEARE as well as in more matter-of-fact writers. On these grounds he thought it would more conveniently be borne by his brother GEORGE. The Earl of WARWICK, who was not only a king-maker, but a Royal duke-maker, and who seems to have been much in advance of his time, met the objection with the philosophic remark, which has quite a modern ring about it, "Tut, that's a foolish observation." RICHARD Duke of GLOUCESTER had the opportunity, which he did not neglect, of making the dukedom of Clarence as ominous as the dukedom of Gloucester. Subsequent sovereigns have shared the Earl of WARWICK's superiority to superstition, and the ominous titles of Gloucester and Clarence have been borne since by princes of the blood without involving them in the crimes or the misfortunes of earlier dukes.

If, on a recent occasion, the counter-remark to that of RICHARD had been made in the suggestion "Let GEORGE be 'Duke of Clarence,'" it would have had a certain appropriateness, inasmuch as the title was most recently borne by a popular sailor prince who did not stand in the line of direct succession to the throne. Prince EDWARD, however, and not Prince GEORGE of WALES, is, or will be when the necessary formalities have been completed, Duke of CLARENCE. "Is," we think we may say, for the QUEEN's declaration is itself a creation. It was a way that LOUIS XVIII. had of conferring titles by unexpectedly addressing the objects of his favour by them; and a distinguished nobleman of his Court first learned that he was a duke when he was greeted under the style of that rank by his Royal master. It is said, possibly without any foundation at all, that in England a Royal Highness was once manufactured from princely rank inferior to Royalty by being inadvertently misdescribed. It is certain that a distinguished politician and man of science was made an M.D. without his knowing it, or anybody else knowing it—a true *médecin malgré lui*—by having the words Doctor of Medicine erroneously included among the list of his academic distinctions in his nomination to a Royal Commission or some other formal document. Some of the anomalies and eccentricities which make British titles the wonder of the world and the perplexity of surrounding nations have, it is said, been generated by the creative power of Royal inadvertency. In this particular the Royal omnipotence knows no other limitation than that which proverbially qualifies the omnipotence of Parliament.

We have no intention of adding to the cartloads of peerage, and book of dignities, and index-learning which have been shot out on the astonished mind of the British public with reference to the titles conferred upon Prince EDWARD. We have it on the authority of Bishop STUBBS—who quotes Mr. FINLAY, the historian of Greece since the Roman conquest, who quotes Colonel LEAKE, the traveller—that there is no ground for the belief that the English dukedom of Clarence was derived from Klarenza in the Morea. It is as unfounded as the erroneous notion that Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES was a Prussian. Old JOHN NAPPS of Greece, and the names of the "rude mechanicals that worked 'for bread upon Athenian stalls,' in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were scarcely more incongruous. Bishop STUBBS agrees with Mr. FINLAY in agreeing with Colonel LEAKE that Clarentia, or Clarence, was the district of Clare, in Suffolk; and that the dukedom was first conferred by EDWARD III. upon his third son, LIONEL, to commemorate his succession to the estates of GILBERT Earl of CLARE and GLOUCESTER. If RICHARD III. had been in possession of this information, he might have been less disposed to discriminate between the two designations; and might have abstained from the foolish observation which drew upon

him well-merited rebuke. After all, his preference was due to nothing more, perhaps, than a young prince's liking for the prettier title.

The present Duke of CLARENCE is also Duke of AVONDALE and Earl of ATHLONE. The former designation is new to the peerage, the latter enlarges the rather narrow list of YORKS, GLOUCESTERS, CUMBERLANDS, ALBANYS, KENTS, CAMBRIDGES, and EDINBURGHs in which Royal peerages revolve. The earldom of Athlone seems to have been somewhat oddly chosen. It was conferred by WILLIAM III. upon his Dutch General GINCKEL, in honour of the Protestant victory over the French and Irish Jacobites at Aughrim, on August 12, 1791—an anniversary which, until within a few years, was more bloodily celebrated by contending Irish factions than that of the battle of the Boyne itself. The title did not become extinct in the family on whose chief it was originally conferred until 1844. It has, we believe, already occurred to ingenious minds to suggest that, by way of keeping the political balance even, the Duke of CLARENCE's second dukedom of Avondale has been derived from Mr. PARNELL's hereditary estate. Mr. PARNELL, as a German Professor has recently pointed out, is Royal, not merely in his name of CHARLES STEWART, but in the Royal blood which courses through his veins. Clarence, again, according to some authorities, is traced to the county Clare, in Ireland. Why may there not be there, too, a judicious reminder of the original return of O'CONNELL to Parliament for that county, which was a Roman Catholic as much as Aughrim was a Protestant victory? This, no doubt, would be to consider too curiously. Clare is Clare in Suffolk; and, on the principle which makes every Royal prince bear titles taken from each of the three kingdoms, Avondale is that Avondale in Lanarkshire in which the Covenanters defeated CLAVEHOUSE, and in which, to balance matters, the Duchess of HAMILTON found a refuge during CROMWELL's invasion of Scotland.

There is one thing unique in the peerage of Prince EDWARD. He is the only son of a Prince of Wales who has been elevated to the House of Lords—if that is the term for a princely creation—before his father's accession to the throne. The reason, no doubt, is that never before has any son of a Prince of Wales attained his majority while his father was still only heir-apparent. FREDERICK, the son of GEORGE II.—the FREDERICK who having been alive was dead, and after that left nothing more to be said—nearly did so, but he was a few months behindhand. The usage which confers peerages upon members of the Royal Family is to some extent ceremonial. It was so considered when it was made the only exception to the restriction which, during the contemplated Regency of the Prince of Wales in 1784, deprived him of the power of creating peers. But it is something more than ceremonial. It has its use. It is desirable that members of the Royal Family should have some experience, at least as observers close at hand, of the processes of legislation, and of the conflicts of party in debate. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who is in favour of making peers eligible to the House of Commons, would no doubt also favour a scheme for making princes of the blood eligible. Perhaps we may come to that when Mr. LABOUCHERE has succeeded in abolishing the House of Lords, and if he allows the Monarchy to continue in existence. There will be nothing else for it if princes are to continue in public life at all. There can be little doubt that, if the PRINCE OF WALES were able and willing to stand, he would be elected for nearly every constituency in the United Kingdom. He would be member for all England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. There would be plural elections for most other princes. The danger is that they would be perhaps extravagantly democratic. A step would be made in the direction of that royal democracy or democratic royalty in which some speculators see the next development of the Constitution. But, leaving dreams to the dreamers of dreams, and confining ourselves to the sober realities of this half-awake world, there is some advantage in the presence of the members of the Royal Family in the House of Lords, though they be secluded, with neutral-minded peers on the cross benches, and debarred by etiquette—a quite novel etiquette—from taking part in party debates and divisions. This restriction is an affair of the present reign. In the three which immediately preceded it, the King's sons and brothers were ardent partisans—not all of them on the Conservative side. Prince GEORGE of DENMARK too was a peer, and during the reign of his Consort attended the House of Lords, and

sometimes voted against the Court, though his spoken utterances did not, there is reason to believe, extend beyond the repeated inquiry, *Est-il possible?* Seriously speaking, Parliamentary training in a Parliamentary monarchy is an essential part of the education of a prince, especially of a prince who may be king, and the more real and the less hampered by conventional restrictions and prohibitions it is, the more valuable it will be. To exclude the future sovereign from a working apprenticeship to government is something of an absurdity.

THE COCKNEY LANGUAGE.

THE speech of Londoners, who are Londoners and nothing else, whose bones, which will never be old, were made in London, has attracted the notice of a philologist. Perhaps we should rather call the author of *Thanks Aef'ly* (FIELD & TUEB) a phonologist, for it is pronunciation, not words and idioms, that he studies. He is not himself a purist, though perhaps he is one of Mr. HENRY JAMES's young peers; for he says about his sketches that he "has" often wished the beastly things at the bottom of the sea. They are what he calls them; for they are hideous illustrations of stupidity, cruelty, narrowness, and other vices which come naturally to idlers in an ugly and endless town. The typical Cockney of the sketches is a cowardly and brutal young ruffian, by no means always of the poorest class. Of youth he has nothing but the callousness and the love of fun, and his fun invariably takes the shape of hurting some inoffensive beast or person. His idea of sport in literature is an account of a rough-and-tumble prize-fight; his diversion in practice is pushing people about in the street. Youth must have some indulgence of the hunting instinct, and this young man, like many others of better education, hunts cats. What else can he pursue in London? How he lives is a mystery, though the mystery is partly explained by one of the characters. He does not beg, for he has neither the right physiognomy nor the professional appeal. He rather despises beggars, though their business is good, because they have neither the energy to work, the pluck to steal, nor the ingenuity to devise "sells" and swindles. Of these swindles the author describes one, in which he gives himself a ridiculous part. He meets a midshipman in the Metropolitan Railway. The midshipman has been on an old Dibdinian spree, and talks like this:—"I'd a levlay watch the ether dy, a present from the 'guvner, sawlid gowld chronometer, with about 'arf a 'dezzin little fices which towld joo all sorts er things," and so forth. Surely no sane person could believe in a midshipman whose speech so readily bewrayed him; but the author believes, buys his pawn-tickets, and, of course, is swindled. The watch is of pinchbeck, the rings are paste. A citizen who can credit a naval officer of this description is born to be a victim. Another "lay" is to pretend gratitude for a loan to yourself. As a poor newspaper boy, you deposit a cheap chair of Austrian make as a specimen of your own skill in carpentry, and you raise a large loan on the evidence of your industry and gratitude. A much more innocent, and even touching, artifice is to gather shells from the new gravel in Kensington Gardens, and present them to children accompanied by tender-hearted mothers. "Lor blesh you, there's undids 'o' wize uv earning a livin' in the streets." Here we find a trace of euphony. You say "o'" for "of" before a consonant, "uv" for "of" before a vowel, to avoid the elision.

Laziness, that great cause of phonetic decay, is the chief element in making the Cockney dialect. To drop "r's," and "h's," and "g's" at the end of the participle is not peculiar to one town, or one set of society. ALCIBIADES, as we know, was too languid to sound his "r's," and substituted "l's." The ancient "w" for "r" has gone out since the Crimean War; but the "g" is dropped in participles—as "shootin'," "rowin'," and so on—by persons ambitious of fashion. The other Cockney peculiarity is said to be derived from the Essex dialect; it consists in a whine, and in substituting the sharpest possible vowel sound for the right one. They all use "ei" for the sharp "a"—as in "peiper." No newsboy, like the boy in DICKENS, relieves the monotony of his labours by alternating Paper, pepper, piper, popper, and pupper. They invariably say "piper," but if you ask them for the "piper," by way of being intelligible, they do not understand. When you

cross the Border, from Berwick-on-Tweed as far as Perth, they do not say "news," but "nise" paper. Cockneys make "month" into "menth," "lady" into "lydee," "once" into "wence," "oh" into "ow," where the whine of the dialect is very audible, but we do not think that they turn "you" into "joo." The spelling of schoolchildren proves that they pronounce "nice" as "nicet." By attending to these simple principles, and by cutting all words, in every possible way, any one may become an expert in the lingo of Cockneydom. Probably the whine and the vowels are really old, and part, as we have said, of a local dialect. They are extremely catching, in children who hear a good deal of the talk of the streets, and, with the instinct of childhood, imitate every trick that least deserves imitation.

A more interesting study than that of Cockney accent would be Cockney language. This our author has, on second thoughts, declined to write about. Whence come the extraordinary slang terms which readers of some more or less sporting papers pick up? Why do we hear of "tarts" and of the "oof-bird," and all the rest of that dull and disreputable drivel? It seems to be born of mixed Semitic parentage in Houndsditch, and to well up in music-halls and minor theatres, whence it reaches the restaurants in the Strand and invades the Universities and military messes. This *argot* can hardly be called popular, and is as alien to the artisan as to the wife of the rural dean. It is believed to be accepted as a symptom of humour and of worldly wisdom. The slang "is always changing, and "changing for the worse," says our author, who gives none of it in his Cockney conversations. They are really hard reading in the original, which is accompanied by a translation. The Cockney character, as here set forth, is decidedly decadent, and testifies to the closing of an age. People cannot live for ever on the pavement, with no views, except views of very ugly bricks, without becoming as degenerate in taste as in constitution. The nature of things is against it, and will somehow and some day end it, with the ending of that brief-lived world which steam-machinery and electricity have brought to be. The present and future of Coccagne are gloomy subjects, and may be wished, with the author's "beastly things," at the bottom of the Red Sea. And, by the way, what a lively place the bottom of the Red Sea must be, and how mixed the spiritual company which has been laid there since PHARAOH's time!

THE CASE OF CECIL DEAN.

THE court-martial which was engaged on two days of this week in hearing the charge against Captain ANNESLEY, of H.M.S. *Icarus*, came to the only decision it could come to. Captain ANNESLEY was charged with inflicting an unauthorized form of punishment on one of his crew. About the facts there is really no dispute; the only question was whether Captain ANNESLEY himself was to be punished for exceeding his powers, and, if so, in what way. The man punished was a writer of the name of CECIL DEAN, who had been rebuked for slovenly work on several occasions. He had not amended his conduct, and finally became very insolent. The character of DEAN is made clear by the facts—which he does not deny himself—that he openly accused his captain of lying, refused "plumply" to obey orders, offered violent resistance to Marines who were sent to bring him on deck when he declined to come quietly, and finally had the effrontery to tell the court-martial that Captain ANNESLEY "had no right to send an escort down in order that he might resist them." DEAN had only too obviously been studying Gladstonian statements of the rights of lawful authorities. A man who refused not only to do his work, but to submit to punishment for not doing it, had clearly to be dealt with in a summary way. In former times there would have been no difficulty. DEAN would have been flogged if, with the certainty of that punishment before him, he had gone so far as he did on board H.M.S. *Icarus*. Not being entitled to inflict a flogging, Captain ANNESLEY had to hit upon some other means of compulsion. He decided to cause CECIL DEAN to be triced up by the wrists to the hammock-nettings, and keep him there till his obstinacy abated. This measure proved successful. DEAN submitted, and did the less disagreeable punishment he had been ordered to undergo. Captain ANNESLEY had, however, done what he had no legal right to do. His conduct was naturally made the subject of an inquiry, and he has been reprimanded.

The officers who formed the court-martial were, no doubt, convinced by the evidence that the *Icarus* was not so seriously threatened by mutiny or other disaster through the contumacy of DEAN as to give Captain ANNESLEY a complete excuse for going beyond his powers. They had, therefore, no alternative but to come to the finding they did, which will probably not have any serious effect on Captain ANNESLEY's professional prospects. The story illustrates very aptly the difficulty which besets all persons in authority in these days, from HER MAJESTY'S Ministers down to Board School masters. It is becoming daily more difficult to know what is to be done with those who will neither behave properly nor submit to such mild punishment as is now approved by opinion and can be lawfully inflicted. When the Duke of WELLINGTON was asked whether it would not be possible to abolish flogging in the army, and replace it by the minor forms of punishment used in the Guards, he answered, with his usual good sense, that Guardsmen would not submit to be confined in barracks unless they knew that they would be flogged for attempting to break out. There must, in fact, be always some penalty in reserve to compel submission to any other, except (and that is one of its merits) in the case of capital punishment, which is from the nature of it final. Even a gaol has its black hole and diminished rations in reserve. Outside of gaols it is becoming steadily more difficult to get the black hole. The cat and the birch which supplied an excellent equivalent have been abolished, so that naval and military officers or school-masters are liable to find themselves defied by those who are supposed to be under their orders. There is, of course, another sanction which may be applied in navies and armies. Open refusal to obey orders may be repressed by shooting. In Continental forces that is very well understood. If DEAN had been a French sailor, and so ill advised as to shut himself in a cabin and offer violent resistance to a lieutenant of the ship, he would infallibly have been shot. But with us this could not be done. Having, then, neither punishment at his disposal, an English officer is very ill armed as compared with his Continental colleagues. It is only too likely that his want of power may be found to have very serious consequences for discipline. In peace-time the difficulty may not be acutely felt, for our forces are small, and, in the navy at least, the pay and other advantages are sufficiently desirable to make dismissal a serious punishment. These conditions will be altered in war, and then, when it will no longer do to merely get rid of unmanageable men, some short way will have to be taken with sea-lawyers. If public opinion still condemns the use of the cat, as it probably will, then we shall be driven either to shoot as freely as the French and Germans, or to invent some form of punishment which will be sufficiently painful to frighten bad characters into obedience. It may be Captain ANNESLEY's, or it may be another, but something will have to be made use of.

CO-OPERATION.

THERE are means of improving the welfare of the people so very lofty that, though they are not quite out of sight, they can never be brought to hand. But they are fascinating to the view, and have lately engaged so much attention of the star-gazing order that more lowly methods, though practicable, have been overlooked altogether. Yet at one time Co-operation was regarded as the most hopeful of all means of bringing help to the working classes; and the system might have maintained its place in esteem, perhaps, if its earlier workings had not been crippled and reduced to absurdity by the introduction of equality-and-fraternity experiments more certain to break down in England than anywhere else on earth. But the Co-operative system was never quite abandoned. More intelligently managed, it has been quietly carried on in various places till it can show results that will probably restore the belief in its benefits which was common fifty years since. It will do the Socialistic moonraker good to learn that, while his repeated casts grapple upon nothing, the system he detests as developing a wicked hypocrisy has at any rate brought in considerable amounts of substantial profit. And perhaps the yearners after moonraking will take note also that, if the filling of poor cupboards be the object, there is something better to be done than reaching to the vast unattainable; though that may be a soul-sublimating employment for those who have time to engage in it.

This better thing for the purpose is revealed in the few lines of statistics which were read before the Congress of delegates from the Co-operative Societies of Great Britain and Ireland the other day. From these figures it appears that the various associations number about a million members altogether; a notable sum when its relation to the whole population of men, women, and children is considered. The share capital of the Societies amounts to nearly ten millions and a half. Their sales last year extended to 36,700,000*l.*, their profits to more than 3,400,000*l.*; and it is added that sales are growing at the rate of about two millions a year. These are the solid advantages, so far as they have been earned at present, of a system which Lord ROSEBERRY, who presided at the opening meeting of the Congress, strangely assumed might be confounded with Socialism. It certainly appears from the reports of the subsequent meetings of the Congress that there are a good many Socialists in the Co-operative Societies, and that these persons are anxious to assert their doctrine, by some means or other, in the business of Co-operation. But their attempts in this direction are not likely to succeed, and the Co-operative Societies will probably remain what they now are—in effect, associations to rid “the consumer” of the middleman, and to substitute joint-stock associations of workmen for the capitalist manufacturer. This may not always be a practicable design, but it is a perfectly innocent one, completely destitute of the error and entirely apart from the doctrine of Socialism. Capital itself, in the hands of the manufacturer, has been doing away with the middleman at a great rate, and to the general advantage. Not long ago there was a flourishing order of traders in London known as Manchester warehousemen; strong capitalists, standing between manufacturer and shopkeeper. If we are not mistaken, few of these middlemen remain. The manufacturers have exterminated them by establishing London warehouses of their own; and the change has been eminently favourable in freeing and cheapening the whole course of trade in textile fabrics. No doubt the same thing has been done by capitalist manufacturers in other trades, to the benefit of the community at large. The Co-operation represented by the “Stores”—the Army and Navy, the Civil Service, and others—is not so much to the purpose, perhaps; for though those institutions started from the same principle as that which the workmen’s Co-operative Societies are based upon, they are in effect joint-stock, dividend-earning, middleman associations for the sale of commodities at a low rate of profit. They are gigantic distribution-agencies, which have absorbed some smaller ones in the same line of business, while their competition has reduced the profits of nearly all. Not, however, without certain compensations; for they have done much to put all retail trade on a ready-money system, long and uncertain credits being the shopkeeper’s worst trouble and his greatest temptation to dishonesty. It would be admitted, probably, by shopkeepers themselves that a sounder if a smaller trade has been for them a general result of the establishment of “Co-operative Stores.” The Societies whose delegates Lord ROSEBERRY addressed on Monday proceed upon a much stricter plan of Co-operation—the well-known plan from which the “Stores” have departed; but, though their purpose has been described as getting rid of capital or its intervention, the intention was never to do so by plunder or forced absorption, it has been carried out by the aggregation of small parcels of capital, and its success is declared by the accumulation of a considerable amount of the same. This is not Socialism, nor anything like it. It is self-help acting in accordance with, and not in hostility to, the economic system which has naturally grown up in every civilized community which the world has yet seen. When these Co-operative Societies apply themselves to the distribution of commodities (and it is in this, which is the greater part of their business by far, that they are most successful) they merely do away with the middleman shopkeeper. Goods are bought at first-hand and distributed amongst the members of the association for consumption at first-hand prices. This is bad for the superseded shopkeeper; but it is economy without robbery (which no scheme of high orthodox Socialism is) and sound economy in all its relations. A special order of distributing tradesmen is a very great convenience for the mass of consumers, and one that the larger number of them will readily continue to pay for in so much per cent. on first-hand prices. But the middleman distributor is not essential to the right conduct of trade, and if any company of poor men, be it twenty in

number or two thousand, choose to club together to do his work amongst themselves and take the profit of it, good. There is no violation of sound trade principle, and no loss of prosperity in the general; gain, rather. And so when the Co-operative Society takes to production. For various reasons, which are not far to seek, Co-operation does not work so successfully in this line of business. The most prevailing cause of failure, no doubt, is that which Lord ROSEBERRY wisely and kindly touched upon in his speech to the delegates. Co-operative factories, like others, must have the benefit of great experience, skill, judgment, to direct them; such faculties are of little use if they are not allowed to work in authoritative independence; and the advantage of their service is not to be obtained or retained unless the market value of them is paid to their possessors in salary. But the “feeling” in working-class Co-operative Societies is against any manner of “bossing,” and, as Lord ROSEBERRY said, “Salary is a grave question with your democratic bodies; they naturally think that salaries ought to be ‘extremely low.’” In short, “JACK is as good as his ‘master, if he could only speak French.’” This sentiment of jealousy is a great clog upon success in Co-operative associations for production; and it is not the only one. But they proceed upon a perfectly sound and wholesome principle. “To put the worker in the place of the manufacturer” is the object, as one of the delegates described it; but displacement is hardly the word. A group of workmen become a corporate manufacturer, so to speak, taking the usual risks, but not the risks alone; which is a purely private enterprise, and most worthy of success if worthily carried out. Both forms of adventure do succeed, one of them greatly; and it is reasonable to expect that they will succeed yet more. Indeed, the Co-operative system adopted by the working classes has advanced so far, and is advancing so fast, that Lord ROSEBERRY thinks it time to ask what may be its political, moral, and social tendencies. The inquiry does not seem to us a very necessary one. In itself it is a perfectly natural and wholesome movement, and left to itself will probably remain so. Carried far, it may make some changes, but none that need be feared if the politicians will let it alone. But whether they will so abstain appears doubtful when we find a man like Lord ROSEBERRY speculating in public as to the way in which a powerful aggregation of working-class Societies, “united by ‘your congresses, your unions, and your interest,’ may ‘affect the views held by the State itself.’” Lord ROSEBERRY is withheld by a great abundance of mother-wit, not to speak of qualities usually thought higher, from taking part in any such business himself; but these remarks of his suggest, rather unpleasantly, the “nobbiling” of an immense mass vote by “advanced statesmanship”—advanced yet further for the purpose.

FROM THE COURTYARD AT HAWARDEN.

SO engrossed was Mr. GLADSTONE in the novel and fascinating subject of Mitchelstown, that he had got nearly half through his speech to the Bristol excursionists before he managed to tear himself away from it. At last, however, he did contrive to perform the feat; and before concluding his remarks he found time to condemn the Ministerial Land Purchase Bill for an arrangement which nobody besides himself has ever succeeded in distinguishing from that which he himself proposed in 1886, and to take his stand definitively with the party who are pledged to the confiscation of the money which the Legislature has, by a series of enactments, encouraged a certain number of Mr. GLADSTONE’s countrymen (who do not give him as many votes as he would like to get from them) to invest in a lawful trade. As regards the former of these measures, it would, he thinks, be an odious and intolerable proceeding to bring down the police and soldiery to turn the Irish occupier out of the house because he had not paid a certain interest which was due from him, possibly in advance, but which from the circumstances he may be totally unable to pay. On what other remedy than eviction Mr. GLADSTONE could himself have relied, in the last resort, for the successful working of his own Land Purchase Bill, or by what other instruments than police and soldiery the remedy of eviction could have been enforced, he does not tell us. But it is to be gathered from his speech on the second reading of the

Ministerial Bill that, while the process of eviction would in the former case be "odious and intolerable," he holds that in the latter case the evicted tenant would rather like it than not. It is true that in each case it would be set in motion by Irishmen against Irishmen, and that no direct action would be taken by the Imperial authority in the former case any more than in the latter. But it is to be observed that, if Mr. GLADSTONE's purchase scheme had been adopted, the evictor of the defaulting Irish tenant would have been a Central Irish Executive; whereas, if the Ministerial Bill becomes law, the evictors of defaulting Irish tenants will be the Irish local authorities. And that makes all the difference between an arrangement which the tenant aforesaid will cordially accept and one against which he will indignantly protest. So Mr. GLADSTONE; and his legislative measures have been so uniformly successful in soothing and satisfying the Irish tenant that we are bound to take his word on this matter without the slightest hesitation.

In his reference to the licensing question Mr. GLADSTONE took the step which he hesitated—somewhat to our surprise, we confess—to take in the debate on Mr. CAINE's amendment, but which it was even then inevitable that he must take sooner or later. That is to say, he quitted the position which he took up on the occasion referred to of a mere adverse critic of the provisions relating to the purchase and extinction of licences in the Local Taxation Bill, and advanced without shame to the position of an opponent of their principle, and of an opponent as unscrupulous and as contemptuous of legislative justice and national good faith as Sir WILFRID LAWSON. "The question of 'drink,'" he said, "is a great question, a great moral question, a great social question, a great question of the 'statistics of crime, a great question of the honour of the country.'" If there is any truth in these inflated propositions now, there was twice as much truth in them eleven years ago. If there is any truth—if there is anything more than that wanton calumny of Englishmen in which one of the least worthy of living men to bear the name of Englishman delights—if, we say, there is any truth in the assertion that "drunkenness is a greater scandal and a greater evil in this country than in almost any country, if not any country, in Europe," then that truth must have been twice as conspicuous, twice as disgraceful and humiliating, eleven years ago than it is to-day. Yet when, eleven years ago, Sir WILFRID LAWSON invited Mr. GLADSTONE to vote for his Local Option Resolution, the same unctuous moralist who is now preaching to us on the text above quoted thought it a sufficient answer to the author of that proposal to point out that it contained no reference to the compensation of persons engaged in the liquor trade for the compulsory suppression of their business, and to remind him that the connexion of that trade with a certain amount of public mischief did not justify the State in showing less regard for the rights of the persons engaged in it than it does for those of their fellow-citizens engaged in other callings.

At the same time, we quite agree that the attitude which he now assumes towards the class whose rights he formerly upheld may be easily vindicated on his new principles of morality. The reasons which he recognized eleven years ago as *not* giving the State any warrant for treating the licensed victuallers with injustice are precisely the reasons which, according to his present system of ethics, amply justify that treatment. That is to say, the licensed victuallers, being responsible, or having been represented as responsible, for something of which he does not approve, the rules of ordinary morality may be broken by him for the purpose of retaliating upon them without blame. It is astonishing how many people there still are who, in spite of the many illustrations of it which Mr. GLADSTONE has given them, fail to grasp this fundamental principle of his ethics. Take, for instance, the correspondence which has just passed between him and the Rev. H. V. WHITE, of All Saints' Rectory, Waterford. In this correspondence Mr. GLADSTONE points out that, although to boycott a widow lady and break her windows because she had sent milk to be sold at Mr. SMITH-BARRY's dairy factory is "an unfeeling and gross outrage which he would be glad to see sharply punished," he could not enter on "the subject of compulsion generally" without "adverting to the deplorable and exasperating conduct of Mr. SMITH-BARRY in arresting the settlement of the PONSONBY estate." To which remarkable observation Mr. WHITE has replied in a

very unkind and disagreeable strain, expressing his regret that Mr. GLADSTONE had felt himself unable to pronounce any disapproval of the acts to which his attention had been called without "prefacing it by allusions to Mr. SMITH-BARRY's alleged misconduct." And here the reverend gentleman presses his eminent correspondent so vigorously, not to say "corners" him so unsparingly, that we must throw upon Mr. WHITE the responsibility of his own impiety by quoting him in his own words. "If," he says, "the Orangemen of Belfast were to attack and beat Mr. T. SEXTON when next he visits his constituents, and if Colonel SAUNDERSON were asked to express condemnation of the outrage, he would be thought rightly to be guilty of something worse than an irrelevance if he connected with his 'condemnation allusions to your 'deplorable and exasperating conduct' in deserting Irish loyalists for an alliance with the Parnellites. I can assure you" (again we must repeat that the responsibility for this appalling assertion rests with the writer of the letter) "that the Tipperary ruffians who attacked the old lady do not feel 'at all more exasperated by Mr. SMITH-BARRY's action with regard to the PONSONBY estate than do Irish loyalists generally with regard to your proposals to give them into the power of their enemies. But surely such feelings of exasperation on either side are not excuses for committing outrages.'"

Now, apart from the profanity of this letter, it is to be noticed that it is not up to date. Mr. WHITE is not nearly abreast of the new ethics of Gladstonianism. If he were, he would know better than to say that "feelings of exasperation are not excuses for committing outrages." Why this is exactly what they are, in common with all other strong feelings, of any kind or on any subject. The secluded Irish rector has apparently yet to learn that, if you want anything very much, or feel very much aggrieved at anything or displeased with anybody, and you commit crime in consequence, you are to be, if not applauded, at least compassionated, and at all events not blamed. Surely Mr. WHITE should know that it was the "deplorable and exasperating conduct" of the House of Commons in refusing to pass Mr. PARNELL's Tenants' Relief Bill in 1886 which is Mr. O'BRIEN's excuse for persuading and coercing tenants to enter into an "extra-legal" combination with him and with each other to withhold rent from their landlords which they are perfectly able to pay. And, if he had only waited to read Mr. GLADSTONE's speech in the courtyard at Hawarden, he would have known that the "deplorable and exasperating conduct" of the police in attempting to force a shorthand-writer through the crowd at Mitchelstown amply justified the people in attacking the constables with blackthorns, and so "badly damaging" one of them that the unfortunate man is disabled for life. Let Mr. WHITE perpend these illustrations, and Mr. GLADSTONE's reply to his letter will no longer puzzle him.

WHICH IS BILBOQUET?

BILBOQUET, who was certainly a Frenchman, appears to have been a thief. We have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance through his friend M. FERRY, and are pleased to have met him. The manner of the introduction was this. M. FERRY has favoured the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News* with his ideas on "the inevitable rivalry" of France and England. The Correspondent thought the adjective "a little strong"; but we do not quarrel with it. When two people happen very often to want the same thing, their rivalry may be fairly described as inevitable; and, as M. FERRY justly replied to the mild "Oh! oh!" of the *Daily News* Correspondent, France and England have frequently lusted after the same desirable possession, and (as he did not add) have frequently fought for it, with results which we can contemplate with complacency. For the rest, his remarks are worth reading, both because they tell us something about M. FERRY, and because they illustrate human nature in general, and French human nature in particular. Concerning M. FERRY they prove that he is as sure as ever that his adventure in Tonquin was a masterpiece of wisdom, and as hopeful as ever that he will some day reconcile his countrymen to it. Tonquin, he assured the *Daily News*, is an admirable possession, and he spoke with "quiet conviction" of the "agricultural wealth of its mountains," and its merits as a "valuable outlet to French textiles, those of every other

"country being excluded." Whether his countrymen will take the same view may be doubted; for, on M. FERRY's own showing, they decline to risk their money in it. The public works, new railways, mines, &c. &c. which are getting into full swing are, it seems, made with the money of English bankers. It is they who take the concessions, and make a profit out of them. We are afraid that some of M. FERRY's critics will be tempted to say on this point that he has once more made *France travailler pour le Roi de Prusse*.

In fact, it has been this invasive disposition of Englishmen which led M. FERRY on to the introduction of "BILBOQUET." When at the head of affairs, M. FERRY discovered or was informed by Prince HOHENLOHE that England "was like the thief BILBOQUET, who, whenever he saw a "shirt drying on a clothes-line, took it, because it was on no "body's back." The particular shirt BILBOQUET-ANGLETERRE was hankering after in those days was the police control of the Congo. Great was the anger of Princes BISMARCK and HOHENLOHE at the sight of this iniquity, and great also the highly moral wrath of M. FERRY. Very naturally he did not like it, because "France, who had views on the Niger "and Dahomey, and wanted to consolidate the territory "annexed by DE BRAZZA, had as great an interest in "stopping the BILBOQUET policy as Prince BISMARCK." We trust these two quotations will justify our praise of this conversation as a human document. A prettier instance of the incapacity of the unassisted human intellect to realize the fact that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander we have not often met. Here is M. FERRY, who is no fool, calmly laying down the rule that when England wants something she is BILBOQUET, but when France has views there is no touch of BILBOQUET about her. Moreover, the document is French; for though the incapacity we have spoken of is common to all men, it reaches its height among that people. It may be asserted with confidence that a German of half M. FERRY's brains would have avoided the absurdity of taking a high moral tone just before confessing that France meant to do the very thing she called wicked in the foreigner. He would have abstained, too, from talking about BILBOQUET in a conversation in which he was about to confess that his country had the pretension to be the great North African Power, and always intended to lay her hand on Tunis from the day in which she played BILBOQUET in Algiers. But the Frenchman combines an absolute incapacity to believe that anything can stand between him and something toothsome with an exquisite standard of morality by which to judge the conduct of others. Hence the owl-like solemnity, quite free from affectation or cant, with which M. FERRY introduced BILBOQUET for the purpose of rebuking us, just before announcing that he had played BILBOQUET and would play him again if he ever had a chance. Very French, too, and of an almost childlike simplicity, was his delightful remark that France had freed Egypt, while he was actually explaining that the freeing had been done by loans of money at usurious interest, advanced with a firm determination to exact the full pound of flesh. Even so do Messrs. SHADRACH and MESHACH free the youthful heir who will sign a post-obit—but one does not hear them boast of their generosity. It is no good arguing with that frame of mind. The only answer is to confess that we are both tarred with the same brush, and to proceed to observe with becoming modesty that BILBOQUET-ANGLETERRE has got more shirts off more clothes-lines than BILBOQUET-FRANCE. The fun of it is, too, that he has so often shown us the way. BILBOQUET-DUPLEX in India, BILBOQUET of many second names in North America, BILBOQUET-LESSEPS in Egypt, BILBOQUET-FERRY himself in Upper Burmah—we owe them a great deal. Perhaps we shall owe them Tonquin, and the Red River one of these days.

KEWSY v. KEWSY.

IT is so long since Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT occupied—picturesquely enough—the office of Solicitor-General, that many people may have forgotten that he has been for upwards of twenty years, and still is, one of the persons technically described as "HER MAJESTY'S Counsel learned "in the law." He seems himself to have thought that it was time to assert himself as an expert in the laws of his country, and to give an incidental demonstration of the fact that neither the right to wear a silk gown, nor

the privilege of having been personally protected by twenty-three policemen, need necessarily prevent a man from combining in his epistolary controversies the ingenuous logic of the author of *Juventus Mundi* with the rhetorical chastity of the author of *When we were Boys*.

The controversy between Sir WILLIAM and Mr. DARLING may be briefly summarized as follows. Mr. DARLING complained that Sir WILLIAM had declared juries to be entitled altogether to disregard the ruling of judges on points of law, and to find verdicts one way or the other in open defiance of such rulings, and that this doctrine was open to serious objection. Of course it is; and no one can read fairly the report, quoted by Mr. DARLING, of what Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said in the House of Commons, without seeing that that is what Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's contention came to. No one denies that perjured jurymen can, if they choose, find a man Not Guilty when all parties admit that he has done what, according to the ruling of the judge, constitutes the crime charged against him; and no one asserts that there is nowadays any constitutional means of punishing them if they choose to do so. On the other hand, no one—that is to say, not Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—has yet been audacious enough to say that a jury who had done so would be entitled to consider that they had performed the duty they had sworn to perform, or acted as the law requires them (though it does not compel them) to act. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT replies that juries have a right to return a general verdict "contrary "to the direction of the judge"; that they may be required to do so by their "conscience," about which he is characteristically fluent; and that their verdict of acquittal cannot be afterwards set aside. All this, of course, is true, and perfectly consistent with Mr. DARLING's complaint. Sir WILLIAM does not repudiate the construction put upon his words by Mr. DARLING—in which he is prudent.

The matter, therefore, comes to this—that Mr. DARLING says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT erroneously asserted one thing, and Sir WILLIAM answers by strenuously asserting another. The device, though not strictly honest, is sufficiently common with politicians who have spoken unadvisedly. What makes this specimen of it interesting is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's way of doing it. Offering to "instruct" Mr. DARLING "in the elementary principles "of the law and constitution of his country," and deploring the "incredible blunders" (which he never made), Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT proposes to "spend a quarter of "an hour [he must be a rapid writer; his letter fills "a column and a half of the *Times*] in once more exposing the mischievous nonsense he [Mr. DARLING] is "foolish enough to revive" in his letter to the *Times*. Then Sir WILLIAM "repeats" that it is "extremely dis- "creditable that there should be found any one pretending "to the ordinary education of an Englishman—let alone a "lawyer and a legislator—who should dispute a proposition "which is as undeniable as that twice two makes "four." Elsewhere he attributes (wrongly) to Mr. DARLING an "extraordinary and ignorant statement," speaks of "one "most astounding blunder of Mr. DARLING's," and of his "curious incapacity to understand even the citations on "which he relies," and charges him with having "broached " . . . constitutional doctrines which have not been whis- "pered since the days of the STUARTS." He flatly declares, several times over, and entirely out of his own head, that Mr. DARLING said that verdicts of acquittal could be set aside, and the prisoners tried again. It is pleasing to see a man who once held Parliamentary briefs, and is still a Queen's Counsel, fall a-cursing like a very undesirable person; but Sir WILLIAM's essay in denouncing his opponent for having said what he did not say is even more clumsy than his epistolary style. Besides which, he may prove to have been not altogether judicious in selecting Mr. DARLING for his experiment. Fortunately the possession of a thin skin is one of the few weaknesses from which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is entirely free.

THE "FEARFUL CRIME" OF CASHIEL.

WE have never regarded Mr. GLADSTONE as the consummate political tactician he considers himself, and is, indeed, popularly reputed to be; but still we would rather trust his judgment on a question of tactics than that of his partisans in the press. If, therefore, he should de-

cline to act on the hint thrown out a day or two ago by his only supporter in London daily journalism, we shall not hastily question his discretion. The *Daily News* is of opinion, on the strength of the worse-than-Siberian brutalities by which the Irish police disgraced themselves last Tuesday, that "the English constituencies, when they remember Mitchelstown, must also remember Cashel." We cannot but suspect that this indicates a little uneasiness on our contemporary's part about the popularity of the older form of appeal. On the very day when Mr. GLADSTONE was helping the Bristol excursionists to "remember Mitchelstown" the police and soldiery were adding a new chapter to the hideous tale of Coercion by dragooning the people of Cashel. Would it not be well, suggests the Gladstonian organ—at least as we read it—to impart a little novelty to the programme by "remembering Cashel" also? There might, of course, be some risk of overburdening the popular memory; but that is worth incurring for the sake of giving a fillip to the popular interest. That, we say, is our construction of the passage we have quoted, and the advice contained in it is plausible. It is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE may not adopt it, and his judgment on such a point will, as we have admitted, deserve all respect; but still we repeat that the advice is plausible. Cashel is really no further from Kara, either morally or geographically, than is Mitchelstown itself. The same newspaper which talks of the "fearful crime" associated with the latter place is of opinion that the constituencies should remember both places; which seems to imply that their respective crimes are much on a par. And we have no doubt at all that the orator of the courtyard at Hawarden, who did such wonders with his parallel between Russian and Irish methods of administration, could handle Cashel just as effectively as Mitchelstown. For just let us consider what happened at Cashel; let us recall one by one the atrocities by which that fair town was disgraced on Tuesday last, in the order in which they are given by the Gladstonian chronicler. Policemen were posted on the Rock of Cashel. The Constabulary forced their way between Mr. O'BRIEN and the people. Mr. O'BRIEN received a blow from the bâton on the arm. The hussars drew their sabres, and the police fell upon the people. After the bâton charge, the hussars charged through the street at full gallop, but "without inflicting [observe the insidious wickedness of this] one-tenth of the injury caused by the police." Mr. DILLON and Father RYAN were several times struck at, but (*O infandum!*) not hit. Mr. O'BRIEN "jumped into the midst of the police, and seized the bâton of a constable who had struck at a countryman, and was raising his bâton again. The policeman turned round and faced Mr. O'BRIEN, but [O Ireland! O me country!] did not strike him." In the evening, when Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. CONDON went to the telegraph-office to dispatch some telegrams, they were "followed by about thirty police with drawn bâtons." Casualties—one man a broken head, one policeman struck on the forehead with a stone.

It is a shocking story, a perfect rosary of horrors; and we have no doubt, as we have said, that Mr. GLADSTONE could have told its hideous beads with such effect the other day as to inspire his hearers with the stern resolve to execute judgment on the Government under whose rule such scenes of violence and cruelty are of possible occurrence. It happened too late for his principal speech of the week, however, and it may be that he will elect to stick to Mitchelstown, and, in spite of the advice of his pressmen, decline to trouble himself about the crime of Cashel. Nevertheless, there are reasons which, if Mr. GLADSTONE were not Mr. GLADSTONE—or, in other words, if the gushing sentimentalist of the platform had not talked himself out of the common sympathies, not to say the common decencies, of ordinary men—might lead him to make a remorseful vow never to mention Mitchelstown again. These reasons are to be found in a letter from Mr. CARSON with reference to the ill-fated Police Constable LEAHY, whom the cruel injuries he received at the hands of the Mitchelstown mob have reduced to the condition of "a helpless, paralysed cripple," and with reference to whose maltreatment it was that a cry of "Serve him right" from some kindly British excursionist received from the venerable lips of Mr. GLADSTONE the approving echo, "You cannot wonder at it."

NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE time has very clearly come in which an attempt should be made to settle the long-standing fishing quarrel in Newfoundland. The mere fact that the colonists are becoming daily more angry is enough to show that the present irritating position cannot be allowed to last much longer, except at the risk of very serious trouble. We really have a right to expect that the French should not ask us to run the risk; and if they do make the demand, it must be declined. A mere statement of the bare facts is enough to prove the need for a new settlement. The French have an exclusive right to fish for cod, and dry their fish on a portion of the Newfoundland coast. Within the last few years they have begun to catch and tin lobsters. It is not asserted by the more reasonable among the French that they are within their technical rights in doing this; but they ask us to interpret the treaty in a friendly and liberal way. The request would be perfectly reasonable if the French, when asking for liberal treatment themselves, were disposed to concede it to the Newfoundlanders. If, while extending their own fishery rights from cod to lobsters, they were prepared to allow the colonists to catch lobsters on the French coast, there would be little fault to find. But, as all who are acquainted with the French character will have learnt without surprise, they have done no such thing. On the contrary, whenever they have anything to gain thereby they insist rigidly on the letter of the bond. They will not allow the Newfoundlanders on to the coast of which they are themselves making a use not expressly authorized by treaty. To the very natural further aggravation of the colonists, the French Government has given a bounty to encourage the lobster business. The inevitable result is, that the Newfoundlanders find themselves undersold by a foreigner who is entitled to a privileged use of a portion of their own territory. This, added to what they already suffer by the loss of all control over the so-called "French coast," the rivers which cross it, and the woods or mines in the neighbourhood, is naturally felt to be intolerable.

The call made on the Home Government for help and the violent language used are only what were to be looked for. The Foreign Office will neglect an excellent opportunity if it does not answer the demand. There will be no difficulty in coming to a settlement if one condition is present; and if that be wanting, there should be no doubt as to the course to be taken. The condition, it is almost unnecessary to say, is a disposition on the part of the French to behave in a friendly manner. With that to help, a compromise will soon be made. If, however, there should be no such disposition, then our course is clear. There will be nothing for it but to tell the French that, since they insist on their full rights, they shall have them, according to the letter of the bond strictly interpreted, and nothing more. They are entitled to catch fish, meaning cod; but lobsters are not cod, so they shall not catch lobsters. We will not listen to might have been. The Treaty of Utrecht and the subsequent confirmations say nothing about lobsters, and we will look to what they say, and nothing more. Wood sheds to dry fish may be set up, and fishermen may stay by them for the season only. But a stone lobster-tinning factory, put up for permanent use and permanently inhabited, is not a temporary wooden shed. The tinning factories shall come down. Further, English naval officers on the station shall have orders to enforce the observance of the treaties in the most exact manner. Every breach, or appearance of a breach, of them shall be made a subject for protest and complaint. If, for instance, a French captain permits himself to land an armed boat—as one is said to have done—it shall be made a Star Chamber matter of at once. It shall always be taken for granted that the colonists are in the right in their complaints unless the contrary is proved to demonstration; and if they fire on armed Frenchmen on shore, the French shall be reminded that they had no business there. Everything not expressly named in the treaties, everything which, for instance, has been invented since they were made, shall be considered as an infringement of our rights. It is very disagreeable to have to live with people on these terms; but the blame for the inconvenience rests on those who make friendly relations impossible. We have done enough, and more than enough, to prove that we have no wish to be exacting in our dealings with the French in Newfoundland. If we are not met in the same spirit, there

will be nothing for it but to fall back on correspondence "through our lawyer." Any attempt on the part of the French to mix the Newfoundland with any other question should at once be taken as an excuse for dropping any attempt at compromise.

PHYSICAL RECREATION.

THE annual exhibition promoted by the National Physical Recreation Society held this week at the Agricultural Hall cannot fail to attract public attention to the excellent aims of the Society and the good work already accomplished. The chief object is the encouragement of physical recreation among the working classes in the more crowded districts of London, Liverpool, Leeds, and other large towns. All descriptions of recreation clubs and classes, whether composed of young men or young women, boys or girls, benefit by the Society's assistance. Instruction is provided, halls are hired during the dark winter months, and small grants are made for the purchase of suitable apparatus. In London and some provincial towns the Society has supplied this year honorary instructors to more than one hundred recreation classes in poor districts. These practical aids are supplemented by prizes for competition, a National Challenge Shield and Local Challenge Shields, which naturally foster a wholesome emulation, and are certainly not the least effectual features of the Society's scheme. The operations of the Society extend to sixty gymnastic classes in London, forty or fifty more in Liverpool, with numerous others in Birkenhead, Hull, Leicester, and other industrial centres. Altogether, some twenty thousand persons benefit by the substantial encouragement of the Society. As a demonstration of good results the display at the Agricultural Hall on Monday must be considered eminently successful. Those features of the varied and interesting programme in which the Society was more directly interested—the various gymnastic exercises, the jumping, running, the exercises of the girls of the Bermondsey School, and the exercises to music by members of the Society—alone amply justified the Society's endeavours. Perhaps the admirable display by members of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, an exciting little drama in five acts and an "extinction" epilogue, can scarcely be considered as an example of physical recreation. But it embodied an excellent lesson to spectators—the lesson of discipline, courage, and self-control—virtues that are well developed by systematic physical training. The quarter-staff competition, however, inspires hopes that an exercise dear to romantic souls may yet be revived. It is a noble and inspiring exercise, and ought not to be permitted to decay with other ancient sports, such as tilting at the quintain, of which a sad relic still exists in a Kentish village. But these shows, like the sword dances and reels of the Scots Guards and the London Scottish, must be considered extraneous to the display of the National Physical Recreation Society. They increased the popular attractions of the exhibition without, of course, strengthening the claim of the Society to public support in furthering its aim.

To consider well that aim is, we think, to admit the claim. No one questions the importance to the young of physical exercise. The Society would "encourage a taste" for physical recreation among the people. We believe the taste or desire is already tolerably general, while the means of gratifying what is a national instinct are sorely needed. It is in this direction that the Society is doing useful work. The President, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, referring to the physical recreation of the working classes, spoke especially of the necessity for such recreation during the winter. At that period of the year and in towns gymnastics is incomparably the best of all available forms of exercise. The neglect of the gymnasium in England, where all branches of athletics are diligently pursued, is something remarkable. Among the people generally it is almost unknown. Writers on athletics have repeatedly pointed out the ill effects of this neglect in illustrating the methods of training of runners, not a few of whom reveal at a glance an unequal or partial physical development. The prominence given to gymnastics in the Society's prospectus is entirely praiseworthy. There is no fear that the dreadful example of the ardent athlete drawn by the late Mr. WILKIE COLLINS will figure in the future

among the products of these gymnasia. Gymnastics, in fact, do not favour specialism in athletics; and, under competent instructors, with systematic training, cannot but be of real and enduring benefit.

LORD HARTINGTON'S COMMISSION.

THE Report of Lord HARTINGTON's Commission is not to be allowed to fall completely dead. Questions will be asked about it in one House or both, and the way for them is being prepared, as is usual, by "communications" to the *Times*. These last are curious to look at. They assert, for one thing, that the Commissioners did not tell all they learnt—which is, no doubt, true; and they imply that, if they had, we should all see the need for the reorganization recommended by the Committee—which we, for our part, shall consider doubtful till we see the evidence. In the meantime these "communications" and the utterances of the party of reform generally greatly insist upon what are obviously considered as two strong points—namely, the need for some recognized system of co-operation between the two services and, what is argued with much greater zeal, the pressing necessity for the establishment of a Chief of the Staff and a host of new departments, which are all, in some mysterious way, to be responsible. As regards the first of these points, we profess, as we have done before, a complete inability to understand what it means. How can there be any system of co-operation which is not disposed of in the easy sentence that both services should do the best they can for the country, in whatever circumstances? Of course, they will help one another, but how they are to do it must depend on the nature of the war. The duty of the navy will be one thing in case of another Ashantee expedition, but very different in case of a war with France. In the first, it would merely have to help the troops over the sea. In the second, it would have to fight by itself till it had mowed the French up or smashed them to pieces on blue water. The details can by no possibility be settled beforehand. When the need arises it must be met, but there is nothing in the organization we have to prevent the army from saying that it requires so many transports to go from such a place to such another, and the navy from replying that it can or cannot supply them, and can or cannot answer for seeing them safe over the sea. The strength of the enemy will decide in a case of that sort. Apparently there are people, and not a few of them, who will feel happier if they know that there is a plan of some kind pigeon-holed somewhere. We trust most sincerely that they will be left in their uneasiness. Cut-and-dried plans have always been the pest of fleets and armies. The old fighting orders tied the navy hand and foot. They kept it through a long naval war dancing according to a pedantic set of forms which taught officers that their first duty was to fight according to rule, and not to smash the enemy. They were broken to pieces by a combination of pluck and luck; and we hope their like will never be seen again. For the hundredth time we say it—there is no way of fighting successfully but this:—to make your forces efficient, to put competent men in command, and leave them free to act as they think best.

As for the Chief of the Staff, though in one sense he is intelligible enough, as a military reform he is as hard to understand as the vague plan of co-operation. It is said that he would not be so overburdened by work as the present Commander-in-Chief, that he would be accompanied by a body of heads of departments who would be directly responsible to the Minister, and so would be able to direct his own attention to the general management of the army. In reply, we shall ask whether the Minister is to supervise these departments or not? If he does not, then will the Chief of the Staff? We presume that the Commander-in-Chief for England who is to be named will not have general powers of supervision over the whole army, wherever it may be. But if the Minister does the supervision, the already heavy mass of work he has to do will be increased; if the Chief of the Staff is to do it, his work will only be the Commander-in-Chief's done under a new name; if nobody does it, there will be no unity of administration. It is said in the *Times*, as one of the proofs of the uselessness of the Commander-in-Chief, that in war-time we have to appoint a commander of the troops in the field, which we should not have to do with a Chief of the Staff. This we do understand, and we quite realize the fact that

it is a very large cloven hoof. If it is not mere nonsense, it means that there is to be somebody at home who will direct the generals in the field. This proposal to set up an Aulic Council consisting of one person shall be resisted by us tooth and nail, hammer and tongs, lock, stock, and barrel. To talk as the *Times* does of the difference between our military organization and the Continental ones, as an argument against ours, is childish. No Continental army fights under our conditions, and what suits them not only might not, but certainly would not, suit us. Where we have succeeded, it has been by getting a good general and leaving him to do his best. Any change of organization which would limit our freedom or his would be a calamity. We think the Chief of the Staff, as described in these "communications," would tend that way, and, therefore, think him certain to be mischievous.

THE AUSTRALIAN HAT.

MR. DILLON'S after-dinner speech to the company—consisting, apparently, of Parnellite members *plus* the Right Hon. S. WALKER, Q.C., *ex hoste factus hospes*—by whom he was entertained the other night, "on his return from Australia," was a curious and interesting performance in more ways than one. To begin with, it is, as far as we know, the first admission made by the Irish Parliamentary party that the funds were running low. "It was necessary," said Mr. DILLON, "in consequence of the enormous expenditure caused by the PARNELL Commission, to make an appeal out of Ireland. He and his colleagues accordingly visited Australia." They were told, he went on to say—though we confess we should like to have chapter and verse for this allegation—that, if they could get as much money as would pay their passage home from Australia, they would do exceedingly well. They got more—appreciably more—than this; and, therefore, their critics are abased and they exalted. It is, however, a very ancient trick of rhetoric to attribute some extravagant proposition to an imaginary adversary in order to make a cheaply-won point by triumphantly establishing its refutation. We repeat that we are not aware that anybody who knows anything about the matter ever made so ridiculous a prediction about the results of Mr. DILLON'S Australian mission as he has quoted; and the fact, therefore, that he has to set up this absurd estimate of them as a foil to the actual contributions from Australia raises a strong suspicion that he is not quite content with them himself. It is to be noted, indeed, that the reading of the return was received with no applause, and that immediately after reading it he proceeded to "explain why the sum was no larger." On the face of them, no doubt, the sums received look respectable enough. Victoria has contributed 10,326*l.*; New South Wales, 10,517*l.*; South Australia, 720*l.*; Tasmania, 414*l.*; Queensland, 5,572*l.*; New Zealand, 5,300*l.*; making a total of 32,849*l.* Mr. DILLON, however, and his friends know better than we do what they expected of the people who showed themselves able to "come down" with such astonishing liberality at the time of the dock labourers' strike; and it appears to us pretty clear that they are disappointed. "This sum of 32,000*l.* did not," said Mr. DILLON, "represent the capital that Australia was willing to pledge and risk in the struggle. No; the idea was impressed upon him that as long as this struggle went on the people of Ireland could appeal to the people of Australia again and again. In fact, they told him so." Well, of course if they told him so there is no more to be said, only something more to be done, and whether it will be done or not is a question not unaffected, we submit, by the length of time that "the struggle" to which Mr. DILLON refers may last. "It would be far more correct," he declares, "to say that the sum which has resulted from the circulation of the Australian hat represents the income on which they could depend as long as the people of Ireland were loyal to the cause." Certainly one need be no excessive stickler for "correctness" to insist on distinguishing between capital and income. But the distinction should be as sound in the concrete as it is important in the abstract.

One touch of nature, and one only, redeemed the general dullness of Mr. DILLON'S financial statement. It was conveyed in the following anecdote:—"At Coomara, on the West Coast of Australia, a lady who had known the Bishop there when he was a curate called a meeting of the miners on his elevation to the episcopal bench, and told

"them that they must subscribe gold enough to enable her to send the Bishop a gold cross and ring. The gold came pouring in afterwards; but the Bishop condemned the Irish cause, and the lady then called a meeting of the miners and put an end to the proposed presentation." (Laughter and cheers.) Noble lady! Chivalrous orator! Edifying laughter! Honourable cheers!

LINKS NOT MISSING.

III.

PRESTWICK.

ST. ANDREWS may be more royal and of older standing, but one probably may say of Prestwick, without fear of contradiction, that of all the golf-links in the kingdom it is the most picturesque. This is doubly true whether we consider the nature of the links themselves or the beauty of their surroundings. On the west coast of Scotland it is difficult to escape the picturesque, on the estuary of the Clyde it is impossible. If it be objected that Prestwick is not literally on the estuary of the Clyde, it may be answered that in the spirit, if not the letter, it is truly so. From the summit of the Himalayas—that mountainous range of bunkery sandhills which is so grand a feature of Prestwick links—the eye of the harassed golfer may calm itself with contemplation of a wonderful panorama. On the south-west the Heads of Ayr, guarding the entrance to the town—further out, like a lonely sentinel, Ailsa Craig, the home of the gannet; due west, bathed in a purple mist, where "Arran's peaks are grey," Goat Fell and Holy Island; and a little to the northward the Cumbraes and all the glories of the Kyles of Bute. "The Kyles of Bute, the Kyles of Bute; Where burning Sappho loved and sang," as the profane golfer has it in his shameful parody.

But all this scenery, in the opinion of the golfer, is very pretty fooling, but has nothing whatever to do with golf, and he has nothing whatever to do with it. It does not affect him, and except when he is very many holes up, or very many holes down, so that the match has lost all its interest, and he has ceased to be a golfer, and become only an ordinary human being, he does not even look at it. But there is a beauty in the striking features and up-and-down variety of the Prestwick links which forces itself upon him despite himself; for it affects him not as a human being, but in his real self, as a golfer. The course is so hilly, so faced with bold precipitous bunker-cliffs, all the hazards are on so grand a scale, the sandhills are so mountainous, the burn is really worthy of its name! How many a golfer has been sadly disillusioned on his first sight of that famous Swilcan Burn of St. Andrews, of which he had heard so much! "A burn!" It has such a fine moorland sound. You can almost hear it rushing down between its alders, over its boulders. And what has he found? A muddy little dribble worming along ignominiously at a crawl, between little stone-built walls, as if it would never get to the sea. An eel would scorn to live in it. But the Prestwick burn has a semblance of the real article. There are no alders, but it bustles along at a good merry pace between green banks, and is a wholesome-looking little stream, which will carry your ball far away down before you can overtake it, if ever you do. A trout might live in it. It is said that many do, and that their flesh is of a peculiarly elastic firmness and piquant flavour, which analysis shows to be due to the presence of gutta-percha in large quantities.

Prestwick itself is a nice little collection of villas. It has a beach and sands. The brass bands of the Happy Fatherland do not patronize it, nor any of the men whose diet is flaming tow. So that it is conceivable that a non-golfing visitor might support life at Prestwick, though it is inconceivable that any one could live long there and not take to golf. The golf is at your very door, sometimes it comes through your window, when the driving is more "far" than "sure." The Prestwick Club-house is a more solid, habitable-looking mansion than the Westward Ho! conventicle, though it does not rival the stately majesty of the St. Andrews Club. Prestwick is a few minutes' run by rail from Ayr, and from the Prestwick station to the Club-house goes a private passage sacred to "members only." The profane vulgar are kept at a discreet distance. Prestwick has many merits, but this is not its least—that its links are the private property of the club. One could not be so selfish as to wish golf to be less popular, but its "booming" popularity threatens to make the game one of danger. On a certain Southern green a Scottish caddie under stress of many cries of "Fore!" delivered himself of the dictum that "It's no gowf at a'—it's just war." And many links in these days tend to assume the character of a battle-field. But Prestwick is not selfish. It welcomes the golfing visitor if he be properly introduced. And besides the Prestwick Golf Club itself, there is also the Prestwick St. Nicholas Golf Club. St. Andrew is universally worshipped as the golfer's patron saint; but he has not been without rivals. In the Flemish modification of the game we find St. Anthony in honour, and with a club of his giving we find a certain wheelwright of the name of Roger assuming the unquestioned position of champion under the title of the "Grand Choleur," and defeating Old Nick himself, from whom he won a whole sackful of souls. It has always been

rather an ecclesiastical game. It was perhaps at Prestwick that a match was played "for his nose, between a monk of Crossraguel and a Lord of Culzean." But the arena of this competition is described as "Ye Links atte Air," and it is suspected that the links were at that time to the southward of the town of Ayr, whereas Prestwick is to the northward.

Prestwick golfers of to-day do not play for such stakes as a soul on the round and a nose on the bye. They tee their balls just in front of the club-house, with a high wall, bounding the railway, on the right of the course to the first hole. A straight drive meets no hazard, and from a good lie you may loft over bunkery ground on to the putting-green. A heeled ball means perdition, and the railway; but your caddie can retrieve your ball, unless it has gone into the window of a passing train, in which case you can telegraph for it to the station-master at Troon. You will not get it. The second hole is an iron shot. You may do it in one, but may think yourself lucky if you do it in three. A fine drive to the third brings you to the brink of the deep, deep bunker, named with fitting reverence the "Cardinal's Nob." It is wide as well as deep. On its right rushes the burn, wherein dwell the trout who batten on golf-balls. The Nob rises precipitous on the far side of the bunker, a great cliff of sand, shored up with timbers of black forbidding aspect. To be digging with niblick in this West-coast Cardinal's sacred Nob is as sad a plight as befell the luckless jackdaw beneath the ban of his Eminence of Rheims. It was in this famous bunker that a new system of counting was inaugurated. "How many have you played?" asked a golfer, who had patiently waited while his opponent played racquets against the black timbers. "I don't know," said the sufferer wearily. "I went into the Nob at half-past eleven; I've been playing ever since, and it's ten minutes to twelve now; you can calculate that for yourself." It is the first authentic application of the "time-test" to golf. If you fly the Nob with a good second, you will be within ironing range of the hole for your third.

For the fourth hole you tee on the near side of a wall, and presuming you do not top into the wall, may go sailing along for two full shots over flat country, with the burn meandering on your right, and pernicious, benty ground on the left. The hole is cunningly ensconced in a bay of the serpentine burn. You make a solemn vow to yourself that you will play well to the left; but the moment you have struck the ball, the burn seems to meander further out into the course, and, receiving your ball into its bosom, to return forthwith to its channels. It seems to do all this, but probably it is only seeming, and, at all events, you make up your mind that you will give it a good wide berth next time. And now you have come to the foot of the Himalayas—those mighty mountains. There once was a boy at school at Westward Ho! (it was in the days of the old course, when they used to play over some high sandhills called the "Alps") who translated "summā diligentia" not in the hackneyed manner but in the improved form, "Cæsar took great pains about his drive over the Alps." "Summā diligentia" might perhaps be translated variously, from the golfer's point of view, as "with an easy full swing," or "from an elaborately-made tee"; but surely the Prestwick golfer will rue it, with much expense of lead-pencil and scoring-card, if he do not follow the imperial Roman's example in his drive over the Himalayas. For the tee is at the burn's edge, and the sandhills rise very high before you. You may hit a fair shot, and yet, if it be not lofted high into the air, may find yourself in the ravines of the higher Himalayas, above the line of perpetual bunker. Then, though the hole be short—a really fine cleek-shot will reach it—the score is likely to be long. The trans-Himalayan country is not of the same catastrophic nature as that we have left behind. No efforts of genius are needed for the next five holes—only straight and sober driving. The putting-green of the hole next after the Himalayas is on a slope which makes it full of that uncertainty which the golfer loves. At the eighth hole the railway again presents itself within the range of practical politics; but the ball must needs be very badly heeled. Putting out for the tenth brings us again to the foot of the Himalayas. This time the drive is of more fearful import even than before; for do we not know, do we not see in our mind's eye, that rushing burn on the far side of the mountains? The caddies are on before us, on the mountain top. As the ball flies over the bunker there is a moment of fearful suspense; then a glad shout of "Over!" cheers us, or the fatal verdict of "In!" dashes our hopes, and we say forbidden words. And so back again, between the bents and the burn, to a hole just over the little wall before which we teed when coming out. Then comes a long sandy hole near the bents by the seashore, and then, turning straight clubwards for the fourteenth hole, we put out close under the windows of the Prestwick houses. We have gone the circuit and returned; but the autocrat St. Andrew decrees eighteen holes as the number for a golf course; and out we go again on a sort of "inner circle" for four holes more. The fifteenth and sixteenth are over hazardous, broken ground, and the tee for the seventeenth is on the crest of an old friend, the Cardinal's Nob. It must be a very bad top for him to punish us this time, and we may hope to put ourselves within reach of the great deep valley in which the hole is ensconced. The hole is at the bottom; the valley's sides are of most beautiful velvety turf; there is a delicious excitement in hurrying up the steep side facing us, to peep over and see how near the hole our well-lofted shot has rolled. There is uncertainty—perhaps too much uncertainty—but the delights of the expectation and realization stay with one

long after all memory of the flat holes has vanished. Then from a tee set up on high we drive to within an iron shot of the last hole, and soon the weary golfer is at rest.

Prestwick used to be a twelve-hole course. All those holes beyond the wall, including of course the great Himalayas, are a modern extension. And the seventeenth hole, deep down in its valley, may be taken as a type of the holes of the old Prestwick course. Prestwick has lost something by its conformity to the orthodox eighteen, but has probably gained far more.

Prestwick is one of the three greens on which the open golf championship is played, the others being St. Andrews and Musselburgh. It was last played there in 1887, when Willie Park won with 161 for the two rounds. Last year, at Musselburgh, Park again won the open championship, after tying with Andrew Kirkaldy in the lowest score ever made on Musselburgh in the championship competition. In 1888 the Amateur Championship Tournament was held at Prestwick, and won by Mr. John Ball, junior, of Hoylake. The record for the links is 77, made by Willie Campbell.

As a golf links Prestwick holds the position in the West of Scotland that St. Andrews holds in the East. Its resident professional, Charlie Hunter, is an oracle second only to him of St. Andrews, old Tom Morris. Old Tom himself was for a while greenkeeper at Prestwick, and it is there that poor young Tommy picked up the alphabet of the game. The present club was started in 1851; but the game was played there long before by Lord Eglinton and others. Its fine putting-greens and sandy and truly golfy turf are rife with the best traditions of the best players and best lovers of the game. It commands a view of perhaps the very finest scenery of the most picturesque part of the West coast, and it is of a Prestwick *habitué* that that immortal description was given—"A bull-neckit, hog-backit, bandy-leggit chiel, and shapes fine for a gowfer."

THE TWO SALONS.

UNUSUAL interest has naturally been excited this year over the two rival picture exhibitions, which have been the outcome of the notorious split that took place last autumn between MM. Meissonier and Bouguereau and their respective followers. The result proves that there is always room for an extra exhibition, provided it exhibits good pictures—a fact which has been borne out in London also. The average of merit is undoubtedly higher at the Champs de Mars than it is at the Palais de l'Industrie, where the authorities have been unwise enough to seek to obliterate any traces of emptiness caused by the secessionists, by covering the walls of their innumerable galleries with what are chiefly nothing more than *ébauches d'atelier*; clever, no doubt, but utterly unfit for exhibition. When one comes, however, to look closer into the question of individual merit rather than general excellence, one comes to the conclusion that the "old original" Salon may yet take heart of grace; for if the finest subject-picture of the year is "Sainte-Claire Deville," by M. Lhermitte (a portrait-group of some of the shining lights in the French world of science), which is hung at the Champ de Mars, the finest single portrait (a young man, by M. J. Lefebvre), and the most important and soundly-painted landscape ("Le Dormoir-de-Moret, Fontainebleau," by M. L. Richet), are to be seen in the Champs Élysées. "Lady Godiva," also by J. Lefebvre, is a fine work in many ways, carefully drawn, realistically conceived, and full of conscientious workmanship; but there is something about the composition of the lines of Lady Godiva's figure, as she sits shrinking in the shame of her nudity on the back of the white charger, which is ungraceful, and her hair, which might have been made so much of by the painter, is plastered like two yellow ribbons at either side of her face, and in no way adds to the beauty of the composition at all. Of the great ceiling by Munkacsy, which faces one on entering into the first big room of the Palais de l'Industrie, there is nothing to be said in praise; crude and chalky in colour, and curiously ungraceful in the disposition of the figures, it is satisfactory to think that as a ceiling for the Museum of the History of Art at Vienna it will be so far over the heads of the public that they will be able to ignore it in comfort. The portrait, by the same painter, of "Mme. B." is much better; the background and surroundings of the lady are charming in colour, and make one willing to forgive to a certain extent the "scamped" treatment of the white satin dress of the sitter. In portraits, with the exception of the Lefebvre one already mentioned, a portrait of President Carnot, by M. Bonnat, "Mlle. H.," by M. Chaplin, and a couple of ladies' portraits by Mlle. C. Hildebrand, the exhibition is certainly not strong. In subject-pictures matters are more hopeful. Ed. Detaille's "En batterie," an immense canvas with a colonel of artillery charging out of the picture at the head of his line of guns, is extremely clever and well painted; the black uniform, the black charger of the central figure, and the grey tone and quiet colour of the whole picture seem but to accentuate, as it were, the extraordinary dash and movement of the general composition. In "Une Course de Chars Romains," by M. Checa, we have the very converse of M. Detaille's work; everything that brilliant sunshine and fluttering draperies can do to accentuate the effect of the dire catastrophe which has occurred at one side of the picture is done; the horses are cleverly drawn, especially the four black steeds in the winning chariot; but the whole

picture, in spite of its undeniable strength and cleverness, gives one the idea of being simply an unusually well-painted drop-scene, and nothing more. H. L. Lévy sends a fine composition, especially as regards colour, entitled "La Liberté." "Les Fascinées," by Moreau de Tours, is one of those extraordinarily clever, albeit unpleasant, renderings of clinical subjects in which the modern French mind takes especial delight; a number of hysterico-epileptic patients in the Hospital of La Charité, sitting round one of those revolving mirrors which are sometimes used for catching larks—a sort of hypnotism which is said to have had excellent results. The rendering of the light and atmosphere in the bare hospital ward, the variety of expression on the faces of the patients as they sit watching the revolving mirror with a more or less vacant stare, the painting of the white blouses of the women and of the general accessories and surroundings are all extraordinarily clever; given the necessity or desirability of reproducing so painful a subject, it certainly could not have been more convincingly treated from an artistic point of view. It is pleasant to turn from such ferocious realism to more essentially decorative works, such as the "Concert d'Oiseaux," by P. Myerheim, wherein a chubby Cupid wields the orchestral baton; "Fleur d'Automne," by E. Toudouze, a curiously decorative composition of a girl in a dress of lilac and yellow against a background of maple-trees, whose leaves have turned a brilliant gold under the first nip of autumn's fingers; and P. F. Lamy's "Rêve d'Été," an idyllic scene of nude figures lying in thick grass under trees through whose branches the sun dapples the tender flesh-tints, the green grass, and the white plumage of some doves that hover over the recumbent figures. The study of still life, "Un Coin de Cuisine," by Antoine Vollon, is a strong bit of colour, the copper pan being superbly painted; and another good bit of painting and colouring in a small way is "Hors de Jeu," by A. Seiquer, a number of downy yellow chickens scurrying after a butterfly. Three child pictures call for favourable comment—P. Peel's "Après le Bain," two chubby nude babies standing in the firelight, warming themselves; F. Pelez's "Pauvre Enfant!" an extraordinarily well-painted and clever, but saddening, picture of a crippled beggar-boy; and E. Renard's "Le Sommeil," an exquisitely-modelled nude figure of a little girl asleep amongst pink and grey draperies. Amongst the landscapes, those that come next in excellence to the large woodland by Richet already mentioned are "Le Loire," by Le Liepvre, spacious, sunny, and atmospheric; "Le Départ" and "Une Ferme en Dauphiné," by A. Demont; L. Barillot's "L'Automne en Lorraine"; A. Appian's "Le Soir"; C. Morin's "Petit Bras de Mer"; A. Moreau's "Aux Champs!"; L. Shonborn's "La Nuit dans les Champs"; and a large "Marine—Norvège," by that clever Norwegian painter A. Normann, which is a plucky and successful attempt to render a sea and sky even more brilliantly blue than the mind of either Mr. Moore or Mr. Brett has yet imagined.

At the Champ de Mars the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the visitor is only asked to survey nine hundred oil-pictures, instead of the trifling total of two thousand five hundred through which a path has to be ploughed in the Champs Elysées. After Lhermitte's great portrait-group (already mentioned above), and his two admirable, sunny, atmospheric landscapes—"La Soif" and "Les Foins"—come a series of works by that clever young painter Emile Friant, which are quite remarkable, both in their individual excellence and the versatility of their treatment. The large canvas "La Lutte," two boys wrestling together on the banks of a little stream wherein they have been bathing, is admirable in every way, soundly drawn, and honestly painted, with a rendering of the "plein air" effect on the nude figures and the landscape which is astonishingly truthful. The landscapes of "Le Rocher de Monaco" bathed in sunset-light, and "Le Pont de Londres" swathed in chill grey fog, form admirable contrasts of treatment and effect; the little portraits of "Mme. L." and "Mme. W." are curiously truthful and well modelled, especially as regards the hands (that stumbling-block of modern portrait-painters); and the gem of the whole series is the small picture "Discussion Politique," a group of workmen sitting round a table outside a *cabaret* under the shade of a spreading horse-chestnut. The individuality of the heads and hands, the force of expression, the glowing harmonious colour, and the sense of atmosphere in this little work are most remarkable. The seven pictures exhibited by Gustave Courtois are all characterized by that delightful feeling and refinement of touch and conception which is always to be found in this painter's works, and which makes the line of portraits by Carolus Duran hard by even more aggressive and blatant than usual. W. T. Dannat's profile "Portrait de M. H.," and Louis Deschamps' baby-portrait, "Aurore V.," are two of the best specimens of brush-work in portraiture of the exhibition. Eugène Lambert sends one or two of his studies of Kittens, of which the one not chronicled in the catalogue is much the best; Henri Gervex's large portrait-group of the director and staff of *La République Française* is clever, but cannot stand being in the neighbourhood of Lhermitte's "Sainte-Claire Deville"; his own portrait, one of "Mlle. K.," and a charming little nude study, are far better specimens of his undeniable, though perhaps somewhat meretricious, talent. The Swedish painter A. Hagborg comes well to the front with a clever picture, "Un futur Loup de Mer," a sailor and a boy at the helm of a fishing-smack, strongly and vigorously painted. His study of "La Marée Montante," a frothing, bubbling, grey sea, is also good. In sea-pieces Mr. Henry Moore holds his own against all comers with "A l'Ouest," a blue sea full of that

breezy movement which he knows so well how to render. The sea-picture that comes nearest to this one in excellence is Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Marine—La Nuit," a ground-swell in mid ocean, with the rays of an invisible moon reflected in the concave curve of a long roller. Two other landscapes by the same painter, "Rivière" and "Marée Basse," are both full of tender feeling and harmonious suggestiveness of colour. That admirable painter Cazin sends six landscapes, of which the best are "L'Été," a sunlit cliff, with a pool in shadow at its base, wherein some nude figures are bathing; "Moisson," a sun like a red ball of fire setting behind a cornfield, and "Un Soir," a field of cabbages in twilight, with a rising moon overhead. The last two belong to M. Coquelin aîné, who is much to be congratulated on possessing such admirable examples of the work of a painter whose name will rank near to that of Corot. Eugène Boudin's series of views along the seashores of Normandy and Holland are all admirable, full of silvery tones and atmosphere; and René Billotte follows closely in his footsteps with some Parisian scenes, of which the "Trocadéro vu de l'Île des Cygnes" is the best. Albert Aublet's "A l'Eau—Tréport," a number of girls and children in bathing-dresses and white wrappers making their way down *les planches* to the sea, is admirably drawn, and the effect of strong sunlight on the white figures, the sandy shore, and the sea beyond is cleverly rendered. Professor Uhde sends one canvas, "Là-bas est l'Auberge," a couple of tired wayfaring tramps, almost fainting with fatigue, within sight of the inn they want to reach, whose lights gleam down the wet road through the misty twilight of a November evening. Two pictures of cows by Roelofs and the late Othon de Thoren both deserve commendation; the work of the latter painter shows much of the influence of Mauve. The popular pictures in the exhibition, those before which there is always a crowd collected, either in admiration or speculation, are three in number; the President's (M. Meissonier) "Octobre 1866," Napoleon sitting on his white horse on a hill-top, surrounded by his staff, while a battle is going on in the plain below, a work by no means up to this artist's former standard of excellence; Jean Béraud's "Monte Carlo," which may be termed a "document" in history, but is certainly not one in art; and the immense *panneau décoratif*, by Puvion de Chavannes, "Inter Artes et Naturam," which is to adorn the staircase of the Musée at Rouen. It is a characteristic work, full of the classical feeling, spaciousness, and sense of atmosphere one always finds in this painter's canvases, but also equally full of the defective drawing and woodenness which one laments so much in his figures. A number of sketches in water-colour and pastel fill the small rooms at the end of the Gallery; amongst which one of the best is Mlle. Ruth Mercier's brilliant, though unfinished, "Etude de Fleurs"; and amongst the specimens of sculpture in the gallery under the central dome should be noticed a baby's head in marble, by Jules Dalou, which is modelled with extraordinary truth and realism.

CRATÆGUS DIABOLI.

AMONG the many causes which at present combine to increase the population of towns and diminish that of country districts, there is one of which we believe no statistician has hitherto taken cognizance. With patient industry mankind has for ages struggled against the primal curse of thorns and briars; but the present generation has seen the production of a new species, which seems likely to baffle all efforts to uproot and destroy it; unless, indeed, the marvellous ingenuity of Mr. Herbert Spencer should so adapt mankind to this new environment as to develop a powerful cutting edge to the human forefinger and thumb. The *Cratægus ferrea*, or, as some in honour of its inventor call it, *Cratægus Diaboli*, appears to have been first introduced into this country from the vast prairies of America; where it was known, in the picturesque vocabulary of the uneducated cowboy, as Bullock-wire, doubtless from the fact that these close observers of nature had noticed that it was a favourite food with the semi-wild herds of which they have charge. The probability of this is strengthened by the testimony of various persons who have endeavoured to masticate the beef imported from those parts of the world. It has been not unreasonably conjectured that the first specimen of the new plague was brought to this country by some vessel trading with America. But, however that may be, there is no doubt that it has since acclimatized itself, and is now one of our native products. So far, however, from changing its nature and habits to suit its new conditions, it is rather these which are being changed to suit the intruder; witness the growing use of the word *Prairie*—usually in the phrase *Prairie value*—in connexion with land in this country. At first, indeed, it was rare; and it almost seemed—if so fanciful a suggestion may be pardoned in a scientific article—as if an experiment was being made on the tolerance of mankind; as if this new and prodigious pest was being introduced slowly and slyly, in places far apart; till at last, it being found that the outraged human race was careless or indifferent, and that there was no national uprising to stamp out the stealthy foe, all secrecy was abandoned, and the noxious bane ran swiftly over acre upon acre, mile upon mile, till now it encompasses, with undisputed mastery, half of the fairest pasture lands of England.

In its habit of growth and general appearance the new pro-



duction is not unlike an espalier apple-tree, as it has upright stems at regular intervals, from which are thrown off lateral branches at distances of almost mathematical accuracy. The thorns or spikes which are its principal feature occur only on these lateral branches. But its absolute uselessness, either for fruit or ornament, marks it off sharply from the *Pyrus* or apple tribe. As is the case with the nettle, the spots it seems most to affect are near the haunts of human beings; the side of a field footpath is one of its most usual habitats. Though its ordinary height is from four to five feet, there are places in which a single trailing branch of it runs along at the height of no more than eighteen inches from the ground, as if with the malicious purpose of catching the clothes of the unlucky wayfarer. These examples occur almost invariably close to the side of a public footpath. For perhaps the most curious characteristic of this extraordinary creature is its determination, if it may be called so, to hurt and annoy. It has lately been asserted that even plants have something akin to a cerebral organ; and in regard to this *Cratogeomys* it might well be imagined that somewhere in its slender creepers is hidden a brain of considerable, though misdirected, energy. With a subtle mimicry, worthy of one of Professor Drummond's Central African insects, it has so closely imitated the harmless wire of human manufacture that it is only a comparatively close scrutiny that reveals the thorny barbs which distinguish it. In this imitation it is impossible to doubt that there lies a deep design to ensnare its heedless human prey. Light-hearted school-children, chasing one another down the lane; careless servant-girls looking out for their laggard lovers; how should their unobservant eyes note the difference between the harmless customary wire and its grisly mimic? Till suddenly torn hands, or, crueller still, torn garments, draw their attention all too late to the ruthless barbs. A classic poet has told of a bush whose wands shrieked when torn from their roots in a human body. But this fable of the ancients pales before the actual truth of these strange times. No one who has had a garment rent by these malicious spikes can have failed to notice the sort of screech, as of diabolical laughter, which accompanied the rending.

Why there is no universal effort to make an end of the malignant evil, it is difficult to say. But it seems probable that it is not held in equal execration by all classes. Indeed, there are farmers who seem rather inclined to encourage it than otherwise (though, as its sharp points steal half the wool from their sheep's backs, this seems a suicidal policy). By hunters, on the other hand, and all who enjoy riding or walking over their neighbours' lands, it is spoken of in terms of the strongest abhorrence; and many such, even though not of the Hebrew race, are known to have rent their garments over it. It would make a most interesting addition to the next Census paper to insert a question on the subject—What are your views on barbed wire? If it was found to be universally condemned, an Act of Parliament might be passed for its abolition. If, on the other hand, the majority were found to be in favour of its protection, effect might be given to their wishes by its encouragement in places where it is yet unknown; and uses yet undreamed of might quickly be found for it. For instance, it might be used with effect as telegraph wire, especially for overhead wires in crowded thoroughfares, where the results of a breakage would be even more striking than they are now, and provide graphic paragraphs for the evening newspapers. Lines of it might be trained along the side of the pavement in the principal streets to restrain the indecent hurry of the foot-passengers, and afford amusement to those safe on the tops of the passing omnibuses. (No originality is claimed for this suggestion. It is simply introducing into the town what is now familiar in the country.) As an ornamental trimming to a ball-dress it could not fail of producing a sensation, and would be even more effective than holly or gorse in discouraging a too close embrace in dancing. If attached as pulls to bells or window-blinds, it would be a certain preventive against the children's playing with them. The ascetic-minded might with advantage use it for neckties or even for braces; no hair-shirt or sackcloth could compare with it for efficacy. Those who prefer, like the once famous Miss Gushington, to practise their asceticism in the persons of others, would find great benefit from keeping a roll of it handy. It might thus come in for twining round the chair-back of a short-sighted guest at dinner, for doing up parcels for the parcel-postman, for attaching to the reins of a brother's dog-cart.

But why multiply instances which the slightest ingenuity will immediately suggest? Once get the public out of their old-fashioned and superstitious distinction between fair means and foul, and the whole world will find uses for this delightful invention, from the burglar, who will stretch it across our lawns, to the head-master, who will find in it an admirable substitute for birch wherewith to flog our boys.

RACING.

NEWMARKET is the place, of all others, at which it might be expected that public form would be upheld, yet that this is not invariably the case was amply proved on the opening day of the late Second Spring Meeting. For the first race, the Newmarket Handicap, Mr. Abington's Lady Rosebery, who had won the Somersetshire Stakes a few days earlier, was made first

favourite, only to be beaten, at 4 lbs. more than weight for age, by Lord Penrhyn's Carmine, who had run a very bad third to Aperse and Queen Laura, the previous week, at Doncaster. Antibes, who had appeared to be a better filly than Carmine a year ago, finished three and a half lengths off, while Lusignan, who had run very well for the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, received 21 lbs. from the winner and was unplaced. The victory of Carmine, who led from start to finish, was probably as great a surprise to her own stable as to the public, for she practically ran unbacked. Then for the Breeders' Plate for two-year-olds Lord Zetland's St. Simon colt, Friar Lubin, who had only run once in public and had then won the Excelsior Stakes of 888*l.* at Leicester, was made a hot favourite, although he was carrying 8 lbs. extra; yet the race was won by Mr. J. Lowther's King's Evil, who started at 10 to 1. Yard Arm and Ornatus, who were both winners of this year, were almost equal favourites for a plate over the Ditch Mile, and 7 to 1 was laid against Mr. Fenwick's filly by Bend Or out of Labyrinth, who, nevertheless, beat the pair with ease. For the Lenwade Plate the Duke of Westminster's Lozenge was the favourite, and Far Niente, Conifer, and Mephisto were all thought to have fair chances of victory, while 12 to 1 was freely offered against the winner, Mr. J. Joicey's Alberta, who had never won a race before in her life. The chapter of catastrophes was not yet over. Two races of 500*l.* each were expected to confirm the excellence of Lady Heron and Charm, who had run first and second, with only a head between them, for the Spring Two-year-old Stakes of 3,000*l.* at Kempton. For the Somerville Stakes, although Lady Heron was carrying 12 lbs. extra, slight odds were laid upon her. After getting a very indifferent start, she made up ground at the Bushes and looked dangerous as she came down the hill. Then the weight told, and she gave away rather suddenly, eventually finishing only fourth. The race was won by Sir C. Hartopp's filly by Arbitrator out of Lenity, who had an allowance of 5 lbs., and was consequently receiving 17 lbs. from Lady Heron. For the Exning Plate, as much as 2 to 1 was laid upon the aforesaid Charm, who only ran a bad third to Mr. D. Baird's Petard and Mr. N. Fenwick's Noverre. As Noverre gave Petard 3 lbs. and ran him to half a length, if the latter had nothing in hand, one ran about as well as the other. Backers, however, had not a day of unbroken reverses. Lord Randolph Churchill's two-year-old, Inverness, who had beaten the winner of the Somerville Stakes on the 1st of May, won the Dyke Plate with odds laid on him; Mirabelle, the first favourite for the Visitors' Plate, won it easily; and Hackler, who was fractionally a better favourite than Shall We Remember for the Burwell Stakes, beat her rather cleverly at the finish by a length and a half.

In every way the Newmarket authorities have beaten their own Two Thousand this year with their Newmarket Stakes. The former was worth 4,100*l.* to the winner, 200*l.* to the second, and a return of his own stake to the third, and it brought out a field of nine; the latter was worth 5,000*l.* to the winner, 1,000*l.* to the second, and 500*l.* to the third, and produced a field of twelve, as well as much the finest race. Baron de Rothschild's Le Nord, who had run second to Surefoot for the Two Thousand, was a strong favourite at 2½ to 1; 6 to 1 was laid against the Duke of Portland's Memoir, who had run second to his filly Semolina for the One Thousand; and 14 to 1 was laid against the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, who had run third for the Two Thousand. Mr. H. Milner's Riviera, who had been backed for the Derby at as little as 9 to 1 early in the year, started at 25 to 1; for her training had been interrupted by a thoroughpin, and it was a surprise to most people to see her at the post at all. We may observe here that this was her last race, as she fell in a gallop on the following Saturday and had to be destroyed. At 25 to 1, again, stood Garter and Ponza; 33 to 1 was laid against the Australian Kirkham; 100 to 1 was laid against M. Morrough, Martagon, and Loup, a winner of between three and four thousand pounds; and as much as 200 to 1 was offered against Bull's Eye and Keythorpe, to whom Blue Green had been unplaced, although receiving weight, at Ascot. At the post Blue Green showed temper, and by refusing to join the other horses caused three false starts. When the flag fell, Memoir jumped off with the lead, with Le Nord next to her. This pair held the lead to the Bushes, before reaching which her want of condition had told its tale upon Riviera, while Garter, Loup, and the Australian were also beaten. At the top of the hill it was clear that the favourite had already lost his race; Memoir increased her lead as she came down it, and in the meantime Blue Green was making his way steadily towards her. As she came into the Abingdon Bottom, Memoir still held a clear lead of Blue Green, and Le Nord was hopelessly struggling some lengths behind them. In ascending the hill towards the winning-post George Barrett made a rush with Blue Green, just too late, however, to catch Memoir, on whom Watts rode an excellent race, and landed her a winner by the shortest of heads from Blue Green. Le Nord was a bad third, whereas for the Two Thousand he had finished five lengths in front of Blue Green. It may be that the latter had improved immensely during the three weeks intervening between the two races; or, as is more probable, the extra quarter of a mile in the second race may have made the difference in his favour, nor is it unlikely that both causes may have contributed to his victory. In any case the result boded ill, said the prophets, for Le Nord's chance in the Derby, a race for which Blue Green is unfortunately not entered. The double defeat of Le Nord for the Two Thousand and the Newmarket Stakes was a disappointment to the admirers of his

aire, Tristan, and even with the certainty that he will get excellent stock—if he gets many horses as good as Le Nord he will be a valuable stallion—it is quite possible that after all the French have not insured the utter rout of the English by the possession of Tristan. On the other hand, Memoir's victory is another feather in the cap of St. Simon, four of whose stock alone have won 10,402*l.*, by winning one race each this season. Now that Memoir has beaten Le Nord so easily, people remember that she beat Golden Gate by two lengths, at 3 lbs. more than weight for sex, for the Prendergast Stakes last autumn, whereas Le Nord only beat him by a head for second place for the Middle Park Plate; but it was the general opinion that in the latter race Golden Gate was being ridden the hardest as the pair passed the winning-post, after Signorina had won by three lengths; so that a comparison of Memoir with Le Nord through Golden Gate had not appeared to be worth much, especially since that colt had only finished sixth for the Two Thousand. As almost every reviewer of the One Thousand has pointed out, it was apparent that Memoir could have won that race if her owner had not declared to win with Semolina, and her excellence has been very clearly established. She may—probably she will—add enormously to her winnings; at the same time it must be admitted that there are critics who distrust her on the score of running in a hood, that others dislike her rather round fetlocks, and that this otherwise splendidly-made filly has scarcely enough bone below the knee to please everybody. By the irony of fate, on the very day that this brilliant filly was winning her thousands, Gamos, a mare that had been very valuable in her time, and not only won the Oaks, but turned out a success at the stud, was sold for as little as 10 guineas.

As Blue Green had run Memoir to a head and beaten Le Nord by several lengths on the Wednesday, he was made favourite, with 7 to 4 laid on him, for the Payne Stakes on the Thursday. Seven three-year-olds went to the post, and the running was made at a strong pace by Lord Calthorpe's great, powerful colt, Minnedosa, who began to stop on reaching the Bushes, as if he were either rather backward or only a five-furlong horse. From the top of the hill Blue Green and Lord Hartington's Morion came away together, and the remainder of the race was a match between the pair. In coming down the hill Watts obtained a slight lead with Morion; George Barrett, on the contrary, found that Blue Green, instead of dashing gamely forward, as on the previous day, was inclined to swerve, and although he held him well together and made the best fight he could, Morion was two lengths in front when the winning-post was reached; so in both the Newmarket Stakes and the Payne Stakes Watts had the advantage of George Barrett. Like Blue Green, Morion is not in the Derby. If it were not that some allowance may fairly be made for Blue Green's severe race of the previous day, the result of the Payne Stakes would make the three-year-old form appear very puzzling. Morion is a bay colt with black legs, by Barcaline out of Chaplet, by Beadsman out of Madame Eglantine. He is a weight-carrier without being coarse, and perhaps he may still be considered a trifle backward. His public form is soon told. Last season, in his first race, he was unplaced to Right Away; in his second, he beat Westminster by a neck. This season he began by winning the Craven Stakes, and then he won the Payne Stakes. We have scarcely seen enough of him to know whether he is a great horse; but certainly the contrary has not yet been proved.

A couple of very promising chestnut colts ran a close race, at even weights, for the Bedford Two-year-old Plate. Mr. L. de Rothschild's Bumptious was fractionally a better favourite than Lord Durham's Peter Flower, who beat him by a neck. Both are good-looking, and in the opinion of some good judges the winner is about the handsomest two-year-old that has run in public this season. Bumptious has more length, but he is less furnished, and he is considered by certain critics just a trifle leggy. Tom Cannon won a remarkably fine race with Lord George by a head in the Flying Handicap, and his son, Mornington Cannon, won a Selling Plate very cleverly with the extreme outsider, Kynaston—a performance by which he enabled most of the bookmakers to "skin the lamb"—indeed, the last day of the meeting was even more disastrous to backers than the first; not a single favourite won throughout the afternoon, and two of the winners started at 8 to 1, one at 10 to 1, and another at 12 to 1. It is seldom that so much public form is upset in three days' racing.

At Windsor, Lord Penrhyn's Queen of the Fairies, who had won a race there in April, won the Park Plate of 400*l.* for two-year-olds, beating Sir J. Mackenzie's nice filly, Cloudberry, the winner of the Sefton Park Plate at Liverpool, at 3 lbs., by a length. She has already repaid, in stakes alone, nearly a third of the 2,500*l.* that she is reported to have cost in the spring. For the May Plate of 1,000*l.* five two-year-olds were backed at from 4 to 6 to 1, and there were half a dozen other starters. Mr. H. Milner's Gavotte, a black filly by Isonomy out of Polonaise, improved upon her previous form by winning by a neck from Mr. Maple's Prince Hampton, who was only half a length in front of Baron Hirsch's Romance. In a race at Leicester Prince Hampton and Romance had likewise finished second and third; yet Romance had now started a better favourite than Prince Hampton. Judging through Friar Lubin, who beat the pair on the first occasion and failed by four lengths to give 8 lbs. to King's Evil and Chloridia at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, the form shown for the May Plate was second-rate. In the race for the Whitsuntide Plate at Kempton, last Monday, Shillelagh showed what grand

form he is in this season by giving away stones of weight and winning in a canter by four lengths.

With regard to the recently reported discussion at a meeting of the Jockey Club about a proposal to increase the number of long-distance races, we do not intend to express an opinion at this moment, beyond remarking on the good sense of Lord Suffolk's suggestion to the effect that the wishes of the great body of owners on the subject ought to be chiefly considered. Owners of race-horses pay the main expenses of the game of racing, and it is only fair that the rules of it should be made with a view to their interest and pleasure.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(Second Notice.)

AMONG painters of the class which combines landscape with figures, Mr. John R. Reid takes a place which is too prominent to be overlooked. He is evidently very prolific, since, besides being well represented at the Royal Academy and at the New Gallery, he has five pictures at the Grosvenor. All are injured by that excessive greasiness, that putting on of paint with the palette-knife, which characterizes the old Scotch School, and has become a positive vice with Mr. Reid. "The Washing Day" (164) is, perhaps, the best of his contributions this year. It is less violent in colour than usual, and the heads are more carefully painted. It represents an outdoor scene, just beyond the skirts of a riverside town, under pollard-willows; and it has a considerable charm. A member of this painter's family possesses a good deal of his talent; Miss Flora M. Reid's "The Widow" (202), a pale woman in weeds playing at a piano in a dark room, is effective as well as affecting.

Miss Anna Nordgren is a very skilful artist. Her "Spring Time" (201) represents a lad making love to a girl in a cottage; the subject is commonplace in the extreme, but the treatment is so broad and simple, the expressions and attitudes so earnest and natural, that we cannot deny praise to the picture. The vestibule, which is now entitled the Third Room, is saved from mediocrity by a very large canvas, signed by Mr. Hubert Vos, called "A Room in a Brussels Almshouse" (248). The colour of this composition is not very pleasing, hot browns and sandy yellow tones predominating, and there is no attempt at improving the decent plainness of the scene. But the illumination, from three square windows, full of sunlit verdure, in the wall behind the figures, is given with remarkable skill, and the work, as a whole, is strong and capable. We may mention, as belonging more or less to the same tradition, Mr. George Clausen's "Girl at the Gate" (51), Mr. John White's "Honiton Lacemakers" (210), and "The Tea-garden" (232), by Mr. Ernest G. Beach.

When we remember what promise was given by Mr. W. Stott's work when it was first seen in Paris some ten years ago, we find it difficult to be patient with the picture he calls "Diana, Twilight, and Dawn" (190), three nude studies of commonplace models, stretched on bright green grass, doing nothing, meaning nothing, and painted so imperfectly that the one mis-called Diana appears to be lying quite stiffly, like a board, across the irregularities of the sloping meadow. Classical sentiment is not happily interpreted in the Grosvenor Gallery this year. Mr. Kennedy's "The Boy and the Dryad" (185) is awkward in composition, and needs an explanatory note; while there is a "Vision of Endymion" (102) which ought to make any intelligent cat laugh. There is great merit of design in Mr. Matthew Hale's singular little studies of episodes in the life of our savage Danish progenitors (5, 16); Mr. Hale should paint these full-size. The finished sketch of Mr. Pettie's well-known picture of "The Traitor" (127) is very interesting. The grouping of the figures round the craven and prostrate prisoner is adroit, and the action of the priest, who involuntarily rises to gaze at him, excellent. Poor Mr. Sydney Hall is profoundly to be sympathized with over his "Wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Life" (141); this picture bears evidence of the excruciating interferences which etiquette makes when art tries to harmonize the studio to the Court.

Among the landscapes at the Grosvenor Gallery we know of none that deserves more respectful attention than the "Oporto" (174) of Mr. C. Napier Hemy. In this fine work—perhaps the most accomplished which Mr. Hemy has signed—we see the beautiful Portuguese city arranged in the form of an amphitheatre around its harbour, through which a graceful fishing-boat is sweeping up into port. Above the crested heights of the town a cool, grey morning sky is breaking in a streak of apple-green. The whole tone of the landscape is pale, broad, and full of distinction. We cannot tell what to make of Mr. Keeley Halswelle's large landscape, which the Catalogue gravely calls "Early Moonrise—Venice" (186). We have seen Venice painted in many ways, but never as a street on a very rainy day, with sheep being driven along it, and a signboard stuck forth from what looks like an intensely English public-house bearing the words "King's Head Hotel, Commercial House." There must be a mistake somewhere; but whether it represents Venice or Ventnor, Burano or Burslem, this is a remarkably happy specimen of Mr. Halswelle's art. Mr. Ernest Parton developed a trick many years ago; the public liked it, and he seems to have mistaken it for a style. His "Misty Morn" (148), with its inevitable silvery birches, lustrous water, and brown ferns, is sparkling and

pretty, but marred by the awkward perspective of the birch-trees. Mr. MacWhirter is very glowing in his too theatrical "Ellen's Isle—Loch Katrine" (27). We cannot wholly applaud the gloomy and Corot-like landscapes of Mr. Henry Muhrmann; but they have a certain style underneath their affectation. His "Evening Landscape" (35) needs only a little direct impression from nature to be admirable. Mr. Peppercorn is another imitator of the French Romanticists who is coming to the front; he has a more skilful brush and a greater sense of beauty than Mr. Muhrmann. In "The Edge of the Wood" (191), a harmonious woodland landscape, gloomy under a rainy sky, he is inspired by Hobbema. Mr. John Crooke's "Marazion Marshes" (197) is delicate. By far the best sea-piece at the Grosvenor is Mr. W. L. Wyllie's nameless (263), fishermen dragging in nets on a great expanse of white sand; the whole, with a wide bay of blue sea, tossing boats, a long green promontory, seen from an immense height. This is a picture so fresh in design, and so admirably realized, that the visitor comes back to it again and again with a sense of pleasure ever renewed. Mr. Wyllie also paints "The Wreck" in a huge splash of mid-ocean, deep-blue sea churned to foam around the black spars. Other landscapes which demand notice are Mr. Alfred Conquest's little study "In Albury Park, Shore" (169); Mr. J. Buxton Knight's "Full Cry—With the West Kent Hounds" (347); and Mr. Aumonier's "A Breezy Day" (77).

Among the portraits, Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Miss Luck" (74), a full-length, in black silk, with a black fan, leaning against a chair, over which a tiger-skin is thrown, takes a foremost place. There is hardly enough force in the painting of the flesh; but the general effect is excellent, and the pose simple and dignified. The same artist paints "Miss Cathleen Petty" (15), a child in a white dress, standing in front of a steel-grey plush curtain; the head is a brilliant success. Of Sir John Millais's "Master Ranken" (60), a full-length of a little boy in dark green velvet, with long hair, supporting himself with a staff in a wood, there is not much to be said. Mr. Llewellyn's "Netta" (8) is a highly-finished full-length of a girl in white satin, holding a daffodil suspended from her fingers. A very interesting portrait is Mr. Hubert Vos's "Professor Freeman" (157), in the scarlet and crimson of his doctor's gown. The general pallor of the beard, hair, and face calls for a little more careful discrimination of parts; but this is a clever piece of work. Mr. Percy Bigland is successful in his somewhat prosaic full-length of "Mr. Littler, Q.C." (180). In the West Gallery is one of Mr. Sant's refined heads of children, "Little Stella" (118).

Certain miscellaneous paintings have still to be mentioned. M. Fantin-Latour was never more learned and brilliant than in his posies of "Lys et Roses" (25) and "Marguerites" (78). A curious picture, a little stiff, but not without the merit of reality, is Mr. Theodore Wores' "Chinese Funeral Rites" (65). Two military studies deserve attention. Mr. William Kennedy's "The Cooking Trenches" (105) is a mere sketch in camp, but spirited and amusing. Mr. J. P. Beadle, on the other hand, has tried to finish minutely his "In Watering Order" (196), which shows the Blue Horseguards falling in for exercise, in the early morning, at Knightsbridge Barracks. The subject is interesting, but Mr. Beadle is not quite painter enough to treat it. The trooper in the foreground would not, in the hands of M. Detaille, for instance, seem to stick to the side of the horse he is standing near. The picture would probably engrave well; as a painting it is too tight and black. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "The First of September" (149), three sportsmen making toddy, is a capital sporting-piece; the dogs guarding the game in the corner are admirable. Mr. J. Yates Carrington has genuine humour, and a knowledge of dogs which is the result of long study; "Kiss and be Friends" (276) represents a grave old spaniel sniffing the bars of a hutch from behind, while between them is weakly pushed the soft foolish nose of a buck rabbit. "The Vagrant's Dog" (389), by the same painter, is still more whimsical. By an innovation this year a great many pictures are hung on the staircase itself, and are not easily seen. Yet it would be a pity to overlook Mr. Raven Hill's gloomy and powerful "Sevastopol" (379), a Greek priest and two acolytes crossing the snow to administer the last sacrament to the half-naked soldiers dying in the trenches.

The sculpture at the Grosvenor Gallery has sadly fallen off since the days when we used to see there so much of the work of the new school. The only representatives of the group still left are Mr. Harry Bates, whose bronze panel of "Hector" (1) meeting Andromache with Astyanax in her arms, we have seen before and praised when it was in plaster; and Mr. Onslow Ford, who sends a study in bronze, *cire perdue*, of his Gordon camel (12), and a bust. There is nothing else which is at once new and of any particular interest or value. The ingenious reliefs of coloured wax of the Misses Casella are always worthy of attention, and so are the statuettes of Mr. Nelson Maclean, although we seem to have seen the latter, in every conceivable material, in so many consecutive exhibitions, as to have grown tired of them.

STOCK-SPLITTING AND DUPLICATION.

THE evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the Bills promoted by four of the railway Companies for authorizing them to convert their Ordinary stocks into Preferred and Deferred Ordinary is to a

certain extent favourable. It is true that even those who spoke on behalf of the Companies did not profess to wish for conversion for its own sake. They pointed out that the Trust Companies have begun to convert railway Ordinary stocks, and they urged that it would be inexpedient to allow the Trust Companies to obtain an undue voting power, while it would be much more beneficial to railway shareholders if the Companies themselves made the conversion. The independent witnesses called before the Committee took pretty much the same view; but Mr. Giffen, who appeared as the representative of the Board of Trade, added that it is desirable, where no public interest stands in the way, to give as much liberty as possible to partners in a business to carry on that business as they think best. Most persons will agree with this; and yet there are not a few who are strongly opposed to the proposals of the Companies. As the law at present stands, a railway Company which pays a dividend of 3 per cent., or higher, may, if the shareholders please, convert every 100l. of its Ordinary stock into 50l. of Preferred and 50l. of Deferred Ordinary, the Preferred being entitled to a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum; and the persons to whom we refer think that the principle of the existing law should be maintained. But it is clear proof that the existing law does not meet the wishes of shareholders that only four Companies have taken advantage of it. The Great Northern long ago stopped converting. In the other three Companies the process is now going on very slowly. Further, a year or two ago the North British Railway Company obtained leave to convert every 100l. of its Ordinary stock into 100l. of Preferred and 100l. of Deferred Ordinary; and lastly, of the four Bills now under the consideration of the Committee, not one proposes splitting, as the equal division of Ordinary stocks into Preferred and Deferred is called. It is sometimes replied that the objection of shareholders is to so high a dividend as 6 per cent. being given to the Preferred Stock. But if that were the only objection of shareholders we might expect to find some of the Companies asking Parliament for a modification of the Act of 1868, which would allow them to fix the Preferred dividend somewhat lower; and yet none of the Bills now before the Committee makes such a proposal. The Great Northern asks for permission to make a compulsory conversion of every 100l. of Ordinary stock into 75l. of Preferred Four per Cent. and 50l. of Deferred; while the London and South-Western asks for leave to convert every 100l. into 100l. of Preferred and 100l. of Deferred—to duplicate, that is; but the conversion is not to be compulsory. And the Caledonian Company asks for the same thing, with this addition, that those who have converted may re-convert if they so please. In every one of these cases it will be seen power is sought to increase the nominal amount of the stock. The South-Western and the Caledonian would duplicate at once, while the Great Northern would increase the amount by 25 per cent. It seems clear from all this that the mere "splitting" of stocks would not meet the wishes of shareholders, even if they were to be at liberty to fix the Preferred dividend as they might think proper. And if the Committee is not prepared to go farther, it may safely be predicted that agitation will continue, and that year after year we shall have Bills promoted for authorizing duplication.

The opponents of duplication object that it is a watering of stocks; but that is a misapplication of terms. To water stock is to issue to persons who have given no value for it fresh capital which ranks for dividend on an equal footing with the capital already existing. The Bills of the South-Western and the Caledonian, if passed, would not do this. They would limit the dividends of the Preferred shareholders, and they would give whatever remained to the Deferred shareholders. In short, they propose a redistribution of profits. That may be a good or a bad plan; but it is not watering of stock, as the phrase is generally understood. But it may be said that the capital would be doubled. The suggestion of the Board of Trade, however, appears to meet that. It is that in every balance-sheet issued by a Company which duplicates its stock the real amount of the capital should be clearly stated. If this were done nobody who can understand accounts could possibly make a mistake. A more real objection is that the duplication would encourage speculation. The Preferred stock would be absorbed by investors, and the Deferred stock would afford a wide scope for speculation. But that is an objection which applies with almost equal force to splitting. The Deferred stock of the London and Brighton Company is now, and ever since it came into existence has been, a favourite with speculators. Whether, therefore, splitting or duplication is decided upon, we must make up our minds to a great increase in speculation in home railway stocks. No doubt the amount of Deferred stocks that would come into existence in case duplication were adopted would be larger than if splitting were carried out. But it is to be recollected that the larger the stock is the less easily is it manipulated. Besides, even with duplication, a good deal might be done to check speculation by making the Preferred dividend low. The wider the fluctuations in a dividend, the more likely is speculation to be reckless in the stock. If, for example, a dividend is only 2 per cent. one year and 4 per cent. another year, the price must vary very considerably. There will be eager buying in prospect of a good dividend, and eager selling in prospect of a bad. And, on the contrary, the less temptation there is to speculate the narrower are the fluctuations in the dividends. Consequently, if the Preferred dividend is fixed at a low figure, so that there is a reasonable probability of a good dividend being always earned by the Deferred stock, specula-

tion will be less than if in bad times the Deferred dividend were in danger of disappearing altogether or of becoming exceedingly small and in good years were likely to be doubled or trebled. But it would hardly be advisable to fix the rate of dividend by Act of Parliament. Experience has proved that; and the wisest way, therefore, would be to leave to each Company to determine the point for itself, especially as a dividend which would be low for the London and North-Western would be high for the Great Eastern.

We have seen that the reason which has weighed most strongly with the directors of railway Companies in inducing them to ask for power to convert their Ordinary stocks is the action of the Trust Companies; but it is sometimes said that undue importance is attached to this action. The Trust Companies, we are told, have not the means to obtain control of the great Companies; and, even if they had, they would be slow to injure their own property. As a matter of fact, however, it is known that two Trust Companies have bought very large amounts of the stocks of three or four Companies. And it is reasonable to expect that they will go on buying, and will by-and-bye have a very powerful vote. It is reasonable to assume, too, that where people have power they will use it; and as for the assertion that men do not usually injure their own property, it is to be borne in mind, firstly, that the Trust Companies are acting in the character of trustees, and not of proprietors; and, secondly, that everybody who knows anything of Company management is aware that very large shareholders often do abuse their power. It is not difficult to imagine a case in which it might be peculiarly advantageous to a Trust Company to induce a railway Board to do something which would be injurious to it in the long run, but which, immediately, might cause a rise in the price of the stock. And if the Trust Company had a very powerful vote, the directors would be in a very unpleasant position in refusing to comply with its request. The danger in fact is that, if the Trust Companies were to obtain undue influence in our principal railway Companies, the best men would refuse to serve on the Boards of the Companies. They would not expose themselves, that is to say, to the dictation of the Trust Companies, or to the unpleasantnesses they would have to put up with if they refused to obey what would practically be commands. And if the men most competent to act as directors were to refuse to serve on the Boards, the management of the Companies would deteriorate, and the influence of the Trust Companies would become greater and greater. The danger feared by the railway Companies, then, is not an imaginary one. It is real enough, and it is to the public interest that measures should be taken to prevent its growing greater. And it is also clearly to the interest of the shareholders that the conversion should be made by the railway Companies, and not by the Trusts. It is obvious that the Trusts which buy, let us say, North-Western and Caledonian stocks, must make a charge to their shareholders for the expenses of management. Therefore, the shareholders do not receive the full dividends paid by the two railway Companies. They have to cover the expenses of the Trusts. But if the railway Companies themselves made the conversion the shareholders would incur no additional expense, and they would obtain the full dividends declared. And in all probability they would benefit likewise by a rise in the price. Large numbers of investors dislike railway Ordinary stocks because of the fluctuations in the dividends. One year the dividend may be only 6 per cent., and another year it may be 7 per cent. And a careful man, who likes to be able to count with reasonable certainty upon a fixed income, can never be sure what his incomings from railway investments will be. If the conversion were carried out, and he bought the Preferred Ordinary stock, he would know exactly what he would have to receive every year. It may reasonably, therefore, be predicted that the proposed Preferred Ordinary stock would be a very favourite form of investment. The Deferred Ordinary stocks, on the other hand, would suit the taste of a more speculative public, of those who like to be sure of some income, and yet to have a chance of a considerable rise in the capital value of their holdings. The speculative investor, then, and the speculator pure and simple, would deal largely in the Deferred stocks. The probability is that the demands of these three different classes would make the prices of the divided stocks considerably higher than the prices of the undivided stocks are now. Thus, while saving the cost of management by the Trusts, the railway shareholders in the case of conversion would benefit from the probable rise in price.

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

It has been remarked that those who lack the ability to indite a genteel epistle "are deficient in one of the most important and useful accomplishments that adorn our age and country." There are a few general rules that may be readily borne in mind. For instance, when it has been once impressed upon us that we expose ourselves to ridicule and contempt by the use of fancy ink (red, violet, &c.) we must resolve—though it may cost us a wrench—to abjure the gayer colours and stick to sober black. Footnotes and marginal citations are evidently out of place in epistolary correspondence and savour of affectation. Again, a letter wholly written in uncial characters has a *bizarre* appear-

ance; but, if our cursive hand is hopelessly illegible, we may be allowed to take refuge in uncials.

Angel Day, in his once popular manual, *The English Secretorie*, wherein is contained a perfect method for the inditing of all manner of Epistles and familiar letters, 1586, observes that in letter-writing words and phrases should be "neat and choisly piked, orderly laid downe and cunningly handled." Put case that a nobleman has sent us a present of game, and that we wish to write a handsome letter of acknowledgment, Angel Day will show us how the thing should be done:—"Remembering how much I am indebted vnto your L. for your sundrye benefits: I confere the regard thereof to my present imagination and do beseech thereof at your honourable hands an everlasting continuance." Though we should be careful to avoid vulgarity, we must not hunt after outlandish terms. Doctors are by some supposed to have a fondness for grandiose language. Day tells us of one who, in an epistle prefixed to a little medical treatise, addressed his professional brethren in these terms:—"Egregious doctors and maysters of the Eximious and Archane Science of Phisicke, of your Urbanitie exasperate not your selues against mee for making of thys little volume of Phisicke."

Brevity is commendable, especially in business letters. But, in our desire to appear brisk and business-like, we must guard against making ourselves unintelligible. In *The Complete Tradesman* Defoe is very severe on a young fellow who wrote from Hull the following letter to his correspondent in London:—"Sir, yours receiv'd, have at present little to reply. Last post you had bills of loading with invoice of what had loaden for your account in Hambro' factor bound for said port. What have farther orders for shall be despatch'd with expedition. Markets slacken much on this side, cannot sell the iron for more than 37s. Wish had your orders if shall part with it at that rate. No ships since the 11th. London fleet may be in the roads before the late storm, so hope they are safe: if have not ensur'd, please omit the same till hear farther: the weather proving good, hope the danger is over." At first sight that letter—more concise, it is true, than elegant—appears to be crammed with news; but on closer inspection we shall find that it is impossible (as Sydney Smith said of the middle cut of salmon) to make head or tail of it. Excessive brevity is to be deprecated, particularly where bookmakers and their clients are concerned. You instruct your agent by telegram to lay "five" on certain horses. He lays five pounds; you meant, of course, five shillings (or fivepence). You lose. When settling day comes round, you are vastly surprised to find that any man of business could have put so idiotic a construction upon your telegram. Naturally you refuse to pay; and litigation ensues. But, though brevity may be carried to excess, we cannot pretend to sympathize with those "superfluous intruders" who hold that repetition is the soul of wit. A pretty dance they lead us through their interminable mazes of verbiage. A plague upon such odious correspondents!

Defoe has some sound advice to offer to young tradesmen on the subject of letter-writing. They must not affect a bombastic style, nor fill their letters with "long harangues, compliments, and flourishes." At the present day tradesmen expend a good deal of eloquence on their advertisements; but it must be allowed that in the conduct of their correspondence they seldom employ long harangues and flourishes. When they have occasion to jog a customer's memory, they do not adopt the language of exaggerated compliment. There is, in fact, a singular monotony in the tenor of their communications. They are not of the jaunty, devil-may-care class of correspondents; they have invariably some heavy bill to meet, and their spirits are, in consequence, subdued. Occasionally, but not often, one comes upon a spirited shopkeeper who is discontented with his lot and sighs for a loftier sphere of action. Defoe tells of a young tradesman who, on starting in business, wrote from the country to his wholesale man in London a letter beginning:—"Sir,—The destinies having so appointed, and my dark stars concurring, that I, who by nature was fram'd for better things, should be put out to a trade, and the gods having been so propitious to me in the time of my servitude, that at length the days are expir'd and I am launch'd forth into the great ocean of business," &c. Of a very different character was the modest 'prentice whose letter to his master is found at the end of *A lytell treatyse for to lerne Englyshe and Frenshe*, published at Westminster by Wynken de Worde about 1495. The youth writes from Paris, whither he has been sent on business, to his master in London. It is pleasant to see that his first thoughts are not about the business that he has in hand. Knowing that his master is anxious for his welfare, he begins by announcing that he is in the best of health, and then goes on to express a hope that his master's health is also satisfactory:—"Ryght worshipful syr," he writes, "I recomaude me vnto you as moche as I may, and please you wete that I am in ryght goode helthe thanked be god. To whome I praye that so it may be of you and of all good frendes."

One of the most entertaining of Nicholas Breton's books is *A Poste with a Pucket of Mad Letters*, printed in 1603 (possibly earlier), and reprinted, with large additions, in 1637. It contains letters of every variety, for persons of all ages and conditions. A son can learn how he should address his father, and a lover how he should write to his mistress. There is the letter of a jealous husband to his wife, with her answer; a letter of challenge; a letter to persuade a friend to marriage, with the friend's answer; a letter to dissuade a friend from marriage, with the answer; a letter from a creditor; a letter to

an unthankful person; a letter from a yeoman in the country to his son in London; a letter of scorn to a coy dame, with the coy dame's answer; a letter from a father to his son at the University, and from the son to the father; an old man's letter to a young widow; and so on, and so on. Some letters relating to a love-quarrel between one Roger and Mistress Margery are quaintly worded, and garnished with scraps of proverbial philosophy. Roger's letter opens thus:—

After my hearty commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father, and my Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, and all my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time is that, Margery, I doe hear since my coming from Wakefield, when you know what talke wee had together at the signe of the blue Cuckoe, and how you did giue me your hand, and swear that you would not forsake me for all the world; and how you made me buy a Ring and a Heart, that cost me eighteen pence, which I left with you, and you gaue me a Napkin to wear in my Hat, I thank you, which I will wear to my dying day.

Roger has been informed (falsely, as it turns out) that Margery has since altered her mind, and engaged herself to neighbour Hoglin's younger son. He upbraids her with her fickleness, remarking significantly that "there are more maids than Maulkin," and that he counts himself "worth the whistling after." Finally, he begs her to let him know how the matter really stands. Margery is highly indignant, and hastens to assure Roger that she will not put up with such treatment. If he is jealous already, he "would bee somewhat another day." She is glad that she has found him out before it is too late. All shall be at an end between them; "Send me my Napkin, and you shall haue your Ring and your Heart, for I can haue enow if I neuer see you more: for there are more Batchelors than Roger; and my penny is as good siluer as yours, and therefore seeing you are so lustie, euen put vp your pipes, for I will haue no more to do with you: And so vnysaying al that euer hath beene said betwixt vs, make your choise when you list, I know where to be beloued, and so I end, from Wakefield, M.R." Roger wrote a humble letter of apology, imploring Margery to meet him next Friday in the market, and promising to regale her "with a Cake and a Pot at the Pickerill and Spurre" if she would consent to renew the engagement. Margery relented, and, to show that she harboured no animosity, wrote, "He bring a peece of bacon in my pocket to relish a cup of ale."

Modern Letter-Writers bear little resemblance to *The English Secretorie* or *The Packet of Mad Letters*. An American manual, hailing from Philadelphia, shows how an affectionate wife should reply to a letter received from her husband, who is travelling on business in a remote part of the country. Her cheerful epistle begins:—"My dear Frank,—It has always afforded me unbounded pleasure to receive a letter from you, even though it consisted of but a few lines, and we were located near each other; but long absence, and your being so far away in the Western country, makes it peculiarly pleasing." How the tenderness and simplicity of that opening sentence must have warmed the wanderer's heart! In Breton's book we have a letter from a lady in England to her husband, who is travelling beyond the seas. The English lady writes:—"Sweet-heart, let me intreat thee to be as merry as thou canst in spite of fortune and her furie: for if thou hast but life to bring thee home, yet loue shall bid thee welcome: my prayers and thy little ones' are daily for thee: we all long to see thee, and thinke it long to be so long without thee, but knowing thy intent for our good, we will haue patience for thy coming, and pray for the speed of it, with good successe of thy trauell: for thy kind Letters and tokens I thank thee." It may be insular prejudice; but we prefer the English lady's letter to the fair Philadelphian's.

There are people who, trusting that their mother-wit will help them out of all difficulties, never have recourse to a manual of correspondence. But occasions sometimes arise when the ablest pen may lack inspiration. It is doubtless disagreeable to have to write to your fishmonger a letter "complaining that the quality of the fish has fallen off"; but in hot blood the thing can be done—and has been done—without guidance from any manual. If you have contracted for a supply of soles, and find that "lemon soles" and plaice have been substituted for the genuine article, your indignatio sacra will need no spurring. "A letter of compliment to a mother-in-law" is, on the whole, manageable, though it demands artful consideration. But what would Charles Lamb's quips and quilllets have availed him if he had been set to write "A letter soliciting a nobleman to open a bazaar"? Even the completest of *Complete Letter-Writers* have been known to fail, as in the notorious instance of the "tailor's goose." A gentleman, having occasion to order two of those implements, wrote, "Please send me two tailor's geese." Dissatisfied with the expression "two tailor's geese," he tore up the sheet, and tried again—"Please send me two tailor's geesees." Ridiculous! In the third attempt he succeeded after a fashion—"Send me a tailor's goose; and, damn it! send me another."

SMALL BRONZES.

WE have frequently in these columns urged upon the artists who lead our interesting revival of English sculpture to adopt the practice of the French, and to publish their works in a form which might give them circulation among amateurs. It is

very well for Mr. Gilbert or for Mr. Thornycroft to exhibit at the Royal Academy a statue of heroic size. We admire, we congratulate British art on a work of great beauty, but we do not buy. Occasionally such a figure may be added to the national collection or to the palace of a connoisseur of exceptional wealth. But it is not merely that the cost of a full-sized imaginative statue is prohibitory; the ordinary householder would have no place to put such an object even if some one should make him a present of it. The gift of a marble statue seven feet high, suddenly delivered at the door by a van, would beat the record of white elephants. In France, where sculpture lives and thrives, there is, of course, the same difficulty; but there the artist really subsists by the publication of reductions, principally in bronze, of large figures or groups which have attracted critical attention at the Salon. English sculptors, it would appear, are not a very enterprising body. Although the revival of our sculpture—one of the most interesting developments of modern art—has now a history of at least ten years, scarcely anything has yet been done by them to bring their work within the range of the pocket and the house of the ordinary buyer of pretty objects.

We are, therefore, very happy to call attention to two simultaneous experiments in this direction which have just been made, each of which deserves, and we hope will meet with, the approbation of the public. Mr. Collie, who published a bronze reduction of Mr. Thornycroft's "Gordon" last year, has been so much encouraged by the success of that solitary effort that he has just opened at his gallery, 39a Old Bond Street, a little collection of small modern bronzes, which he is publishing, as though they were etchings, in a strictly limited and numbered issue. Mr. Onslow Ford's elegant and spirited work specially lends itself to reproduction in miniature. No specimen in Mr. Collie's gallery is more delightful than the "Peace," a little nude female figure, in a caressing and conciliating attitude, waving a palm branch. When this work was originally exhibited at the Royal Academy, in full size, we took exception to one or two points, in which it seemed to us that Mr. Ford had lost beauty by adhering too strictly to the peculiarities of the model before him. But these are not obvious in the small bronze; they melt into the general impression of grace and fidelity to nature which this charming statuette produces. Other works of Mr. Onslow Ford's at this gallery are a reduction of his "Folly," and a very refined bust of a girl, with a pensive look, somewhat in that Tuscan manner which we commonly identify with Donatello. But, for the particular purpose Mr. Collie has in view, namely, the purchase of these little bronzes for drawing-rooms, it is the "Peace," with its exiguous proportions, its extreme delicacy and finish, and its exquisite thin golden patina, that we hold to be especially successful.

In the same gallery is a small bronze of Sir Frederick Leighton's statue, "The Sluggard." This is a very rough sketch in plaster, transferred to the metal without alteration. There is a great charm about a master's work in this condition, and a freshness of handling which is often lost in subsequent finish. Artists will certainly enjoy this study, and will wish to possess it. But we find it difficult to commend the publication in bronze of a sketch in this rude condition. By the side of the delicate finish of Mr. Ford's statuettes, it is not to be denied that Sir Frederick Leighton's seems a little out of place. The eye inevitably rests on the foot of the figure, which is a mere flattened lump, full of meaning in the clay, of course, but annoying in the bronze. There is here a positive discord, in our idea, between the transitory nature of the work itself and the extreme durability of the metal in which it is imprisoned.

At the same time that Mr. Collie offers these interesting bronzes to subscribers, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, turning his own publisher, like Mr. Whistler, issues a circular announcing the publication of a limited number of bronze reductions of two of his best-known statues—of "The Mower," which was in the Royal Academy of 1884, and of "Teucer," the original bronze of which now forms part of the national collection. Specimens of these statuettes are now on view at his studio, Moreton House, Melbury Road, Kensington. Each is twenty-two inches high. The sculptor has tried various kinds of patina. One or two of these seem to us a little too thick. We fancy that it destroys something of the extreme delicacy of the modelling, in the same way, though not of course to the same extent, as a coat of paint does on a plaster cast. This is not, however, a fault into which Mr. Thornycroft has fallen in more than one, or perhaps two, cases. Some of his bronzes have an exquisite patina of dark green, as beautiful, in its way, as the golden-brown of Mr. Ford's "Peace." The point which we are anxious to emphasize, however, in the one exhibition as in the other, is that here at last is an opportunity for amateurs to secure, for their private collections, works of the highest individual merit, of an issue more limited than that of most etchings, of convenient size, and of very reasonable price. The admiration so generally expressed now for the best modern English sculpture must be tame indeed if it does not lead to the practical encouragement of the art when the latter takes forms so attractive and so manageable as these. There ought to be no difficulty in filling up both subscription lists without delay.

RUS IN URBE.

TO town dwellers, and especially to Londoners, Primrose Day is the beginning of spring, and is a revival, in a quiet and dignified way, of the May Day of our forefathers. With our increasing tendencies to out-door festivities, and sympathy with Continental customs, Primrose Day may even develop into a floral carnival, and we may ere long be witnessing or taking part in a Battle of Flowers in Piccadilly or Regent Street. The association of the primrose with Lord Beaconsfield's name was largely due to a lucky accident of time and place, as it does not appear that the flower was a special favourite of his, and had his death occurred at a time of year when flowers are plentiful, it is probable that no such association would have occurred. This is, no doubt, the reason why his political opponents have failed to establish a similar floral fête-day for their leader—if, indeed, it were possible to find a sufficiently many-coloured wild flower which would satisfy their requirements. Apart from its political associations, Primrose Day is the earliest public invasion of the town by the country, and we hope it will survive as a symbol of the growth of a higher and brighter taste among all classes.

The comparatively recent development of a taste for flowers among our town populations is a remarkable fact which it is difficult to account for. It is in the shops and streets, in the drawing-room and on the dinner-table, at weddings and funerals, that it shows itself most conspicuously, and not in the gardens; for gardening never was so mechanical and unnatural as it has been during the past few years. The recent experiment in Bayswater, patronized by the Princess of Wales, of reforming the costume and habits of the flower-girls deserves encouragement and imitation in other districts of London, especially in the central ones, like Charing Cross and the Haymarket. Flowers belong to the open air, and are ill placed in shops; and, seeing that the flower-girls have no rent to pay, except for the healthy warehousing of their stock at night, flowers should be cheaper and more plentiful than they have been hitherto, and the invasion of the town by the country more completely effected.

The growing desire for more and more parks and open spaces is not less remarkable than the popular love of flowers; but it is more easily explained, as it is due to our improvement in sanitary knowledge. The earlier impulses are due to Dr. W. Farr, who showed that the health of towns varied with the density of the population, and to Dr. Winter, who happily nicknamed our parks "the lungs of London." The prime movers of the Societies for bringing the country into the town in this way are sanitarians first and gardeners and artists afterwards. Lord Meath and the Metropolitan Gardens Association, Miss Octavia Hill and the Commons Preservation and Kyrle Societies, plead first for the health and next for the recreation and enjoyment of the people they seek to benefit. The Metropolitan Gardens Association has during its short existence reclaimed old burial-grounds and other waste places to the extent of eighty acres, and, having cleaned and garnished them with trees, flowers, and grass, has handed them over to the local authorities to maintain for the use of the people. It is sad to think there could be any litch in such praiseworthy efforts to drive a wedge of the country into the very heart of London; but it would seem that several small gardens, with a combined area of nineteen acres, have been closed because the County Council has declined to accept them, on the plea that such small open spaces should be maintained by the local authorities. It is to be hoped that the dispute will be speedily settled, as the Public Gardens Association has not the funds to keep them open; nor is it desirable that the Association should be diverted from its primary objects of reclaiming and putting in order such open spaces for the local authorities, as there are yet about two hundred disused burial-grounds and other waste places requiring its attention.

Admirable as its efforts and those of others are, there are still deeper recesses which none of them reach, but where glimpses of the country might be introduced if some Society would take the matter in hand, and show how it may be done. Small gardens exist in very large numbers in all but the more densely populated parts of London, but they are for the most part sad failures, either from the ignorance and despair or the too great ambition of their owners. There are many green things—shrubs and ferns—which will grow where grass and flowers will not, and flowers will often grow on the window-sill when they will not grow in the garden below; but there are no guides either as persons or books which teach these things or how they are to be brought about. There are a few window-gardening Societies, but their encouragement is a payment by results. The giving away of flower roots in the parks in the autumn when the plants have flowered and require winter rest and shelter is well intentioned, but perhaps unlikely to achieve the purpose. If such gifts could be arranged in the spring, window and cottage gardening would become a delight and a satisfaction, instead of a disappointment, and there would be a suggestion at least of the country in many a room in London into which, like the sunshine, it rarely penetrates now. A day or a fortnight in the country for poor children, to which so much time and money are devoted nowadays, is good as far as it goes; but it is a mere makeshift, and can at best meet the wants of a very small number of children, while with better management and co-ordination of the work of the various Societies and Local Governments the country could be brought to the children more completely than at present. What is most to be regretted in this

growing desire to bring the country into the town is that the official mind tends to tidiness rather than naturalness, and many fine old trees and bits of rough sward are destroyed to clear the space for the patchwork of the Cockney gardener. The noble art of landscape gardening, not less noble than that of the architect, seems to have died out with "Sylvia" Evelyn. It is reported, indeed, that one of the newest of our metropolitan parks was laid out by a young woman not long out of her teens; but "Trouble me not," said the Prophet; "no woman can lay out a garden." Even such a mistake, however, is preferable to leaving the work to the ordinary London gardener, as he is only second to the speculating builder as a vandal and mischief-worker among the trees and rare shrubs of our old urban and suburban gardens.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THERE has been a very noteworthy representation of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden, the best, beyond doubt, that has been seen for some years past, for principals and subordinates alike distinguished themselves. It is naturally understood that M. Jean de Reszké is the first of contemporary Lohengrins, that M. Edouard de Reszké fulfils every requirement of the King, that Signor D'Andrade and Mme. Fursch-Madi are able to do ample justice to the musical and dramatic necessities of Telramondo and Ortruda; but it is unusual, if not indeed unprecedented, to find choristers who give expression to concerted music, and really seem to understand the object of their operatic being apart from that of constituting harmony-making machines. The stolidity of the ordinary operatic chorus is remarkable; but here, as Elsa describes her vision, their interpolated *sotto voce* words, "Qual caso strano! . . . Ella vaneggia omai," absolutely gave the significance of the observation, and throughout the first act the meaning of the music was conveyed. The wonderfully expressive outbreak of the men—"Ciel! qual portento! un cigno! che sarà"—and so to the end of the act, the latter half of which is surely inferior to nothing in operatic composition, was surprisingly good. A miracle is performed, and the scene describes the amazement of the observers; but it is rarely indeed that these observers do more than—if they do as much as—deliver the notes of their parts in time and tune. We are not saying that the Covent Garden choristers are actors; but they have to some extent been taught to grasp the situation; and this is an excursion into a little-trodden operatic way which we recognize and warmly commend. We are not prepared to echo the eulogies which have been pronounced upon Miss Macintyre's Elsa. The young vocalist has a fresh and agreeable voice, of limited compass and power, and an accurate intonation, which we hear with sincere satisfaction. But her lower notes are very deficient in quality and tone; she has not quite the power that is demanded for the finale to the first act, and, as regards the histrionic side of the part, there is a complete absence of the poetical fervour which is Elsa's leading characteristic. Her set smile is meaningless and modern—by modern we wish to imply without depth or feeling. The beautiful love duet of the third act was, however, very nicely sung by Miss Macintyre, and delightfully by M. Jean de Reszké.

The evening after this very fine performance of *Lohengrin*—a performance which greatly raises the reputation of the Opera House as at present conducted—*Il Trovatore* was given in a manner which did not add very greatly to the reputation of anybody. A new tenor appeared, Signor Rawner, "who has created so great a sensation in Italy," the playbill stated, and we readily accept its assertion; for the truth is that sensations are very readily created in Italy at the present time, the condition of the operatic stage in the land of song being of so poor a kind that extremely moderate successes are vastly magnified. The legends of Italian audiences that shudder at and cannot tolerate a false note or an ill-phrased passage must be accepted with the utmost caution, the fact being that singers are received and applauded in Italy who would not, and do not, pass muster in London. Signor Rawner is something between a *tenore leggero* and a *tenore robusto*. It had been announced that the *ut de poitrine* in "Di quella pira" would be surprising, but it did not have any electrifying effect, though it was duly forthcoming. Mlle. Tetrizzini, the Leonora of the occasion, to some extent resembles Signor Rawner, inasmuch as it is uncertain whether she should rank with the light soprano in the dramatic soprano class. After subsequently hearing her as Valentina in the *Huguenots*, we are inclined to the opinion that characters in which the present generation of opera-goers remember Mlle. Titiens are a long way beyond the reach of the *débutante*. The average capacity of newcomers, however, is decidedly higher than it used to be. Signori Ybos and Valero are also new tenors, the former of whom attempted, with unequal results, the part of Raoul; while the latter, whose means are more modest, but better of their kind, was the hero of Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles* and the Don José of *Carmen*. Signori Ybos and Rawner are both victims of the vibrato; and they have a companion in M. Dufriche, a French baritone, whose sustained notes are too often, not precisely shakes—for a shake is a rapid alternation of two notes—but something in that nature. All these performers have good points to extenuate their bad ones. Mr. Harris has exercised a certain discrimination. But few of those who have sung for the first time this season are likely to return in future years. Signor Francheschetti, a baritone who sang Valentino, is not one of the

brilliant exceptions. He was deplorably flat throughout his first act, and afterwards showed himself to be rather a passable substitute for a better player than a singer engaged to fill good baritone parts.

Mme. Gerster reappeared on Thursday evening as Amina in the now little heard *Sonnambula*. It is understood that for some years past this lady, whose brilliant execution, purity and compass of voice gave her a leading position among *prime donne*, has been in bad health and unable to sing, nor has she yet fully recovered her powers. She often suggested the excellence of other days; but at present little more can be said with truth. Some admiration was, however, mingled with the sympathy that chiefly inspired applause. The method remains if the voice is not what it was. Signor Ravelli sang the music of Elvino with much taste, and, of course, the part of the Count was the simplest of undertakings for M. Edouard de Reszké, who abandons the traditional boots and cap, and dresses in a frock-coat and striped tweed trousers in the fashion of to-day.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE value of money continues unduly low. At the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange the banks lent freely at from 2 to 2½ per cent. In the outside market, again, the rate of discount is barely 1½ per cent., and yet there is a strong demand for gold for France, Germany, Holland, Portugal, and South America. It is feared that the French demand may become very large when the funding loan is brought out; and it is understood that large remittances of the metal will have to be made to the Argentine Republic. Yet the stock of gold held by the Bank of England now is about 1½ million less than at this time last year. The situation, therefore, is far from satisfactory. There are obligations of various kinds to be met all over the world, and there are smaller means with which to meet them than even at this time last year. It is thought not improbable, therefore, that the Directors of the Bank of England may borrow upon Consols, so as to raise the value of money. On Monday the Treasury bills offered for tender will probably be taken by the outside market, which will lessen the supply very considerably. But as the "Other Deposits" amount to 26 millions in round figures the reduction will not be enough. The Bank ought clearly to borrow a million or two. If it does not, it is probable that the gold drain may become such that there will be a very sharp and inconvenient rise in the value of money.

The price of silver fell on Thursday to 46½d. per oz. The market has been weak for some time past. Early in the week considerable amounts were bought for India at 47½d., but as the Indian demand was then supplied, and no further purchasers appeared, the price steadily declined. Whether it be that the American speculators are more doubtful than people here as to the prospects of the Silver Bill passing, or whether they bought as largely as they think advisable at present, for some weeks now their purchases here have completely ceased, and in consequence that price to which they forced up silver cannot be maintained.

The week has been broken by a public holiday at the beginning in London, and another in the United States at the end, yet the stock markets have been well sustained, most prices being higher than a week ago. The Fortnightly Settlement, which began on Wednesday, showed that, though there has been some increase in the speculative account open for the rise, it is yet far from being dangerously large. Bankers lent freely at from 2 to 2½ per cent. per annum, and within the Stock Exchange the rates of continuation were also light, though they were somewhat higher than a fortnight ago. In the foreign market they were very moderate. In the market for home railway stocks they ranged from about 4 to 5 per cent. per annum; and in the American market from about 3 to 3½ per cent. In consequence, there was a general advance in all departments on Wednesday afternoon. The railway traffic returns issued this week are exceedingly good. It is hoped that, as the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee was generally favourable to the conversion of Ordinary stocks, the Committee will report in favour of a general measure, and that that will lead to a further rise. Yet on Thursday the issue of an unfavourable Brighton revenue statement caused a general decline. There is a strong expectation that the Silver Bill will be quickly carried through the United States Congress, and the decision of the Trunk Lines as well as of the Companies in the North-West to restore rates has strengthened the market for American railroad securities. The result of the trial of some of the Directors of the Comptoir d'Escompte and of the Société des Métaux has been felt as a relief in Paris, and there was a sharp advance in copper shares, while the preparations that are being made for the conversion of the Egyptian debt, giving assistance to Italy and Spain, and for funding the French floating debt, are causing a general rise in international securities, Egyptian and Turkish being especially strong. South American securities, too, continue to rise, though the situation in the Argentine Republic, in Uruguay, and in Brazil has really not improved. Two years ago Messrs. Baring Brothers brought out a loan for the Uruguayan Government of 4½ millions sterling, and it was stated in the prospectus that there was no floating debt, the money being required for the redemption of an internal loan, and for public works. It was also stated that no fresh loan would be made for three years

without the concurrence of Messrs. Baring. Now it appears that the Uruguayan Government has accumulated a floating debt of about eight millions of dollars, and that consequently it has resolved upon making another loan. Whether Messrs. Baring have given their assent is not known, but it seems scarcely credible that an issue in this country under all the circumstances would be successful.

Trade continues fairly satisfactory, though the iron industry is still very depressed, and the market for pig-iron warrants very weak. Copper, on the contrary, continues to rise. The price this week has been as high as 55½ a ton, and there has naturally been a considerable advance also in copper shares. Speculation, no doubt, has exaggerated the movement; but it appears to be certain that the consumption is increasing more rapidly than the production. In the cotton trade the improvement is maintained, and there are hopes that the attempt to make a corner in July will be defeated, as it is said that manufacturers have this year supplied themselves more fully than for several years past, not blindly trusting to the prospects of a very large crop. The price of wheat is still very low, for the reports from all parts of Europe are exceedingly favourable. The Russian crop, it is true, has suffered from drought; but during the past week there has been a good fall of rain, and there are now strong hopes entertained that the yield will be large, though not as large probably as in 1887 and 1888.

A PARISIAN ASSAULT OF ARMS.

FEATS of arms are not commonly associated in the English mind with good works in the limited sense of that term. In Paris an assault of arms is quite a natural thing to occur to a Committee desirous of adding the attraction of varied entertainments to the ordinary routine of a charity bazaar. A body of this kind has done so this week, to the great pleasure of amateurs of good fencing and—let us hope—to the profit of the seventy-seven associated charitable objects which it represented. Perhaps we should speak of a Syndicate rather than a Committee, considering the extent of its operations. They are more than five times as extensive as the fourteen Societies presided over by the Marquise de Boissy-Godet in *Paris Fin de Siècle*, a piece which the London public will shortly have the opportunity of seeing if they will, and understanding if they can. We confess ourselves quite ignorant of what the "77 œuvres du bazar de la charité" may be. We know not whether "les mères inconsolables" or "les vierges intransigeantes" are included. It is certain that, from a worldly point of view, those who paid to see the assault of arms given in the Rue la Boétie on Tuesday had no reason to be discontented with their money's worth. The only drawback was that the proceedings began about three-quarters of an hour late, and, as the best items in the programme were put last, some disappointment ensued to spectators who had evening engagements elsewhere. But the reasons why Parisian ceremonies and entertainments are sometimes three-quarters of an hour late, and sometimes rigidly punctual, must ever remain obscure to Englishmen, and perhaps to Frenchmen who are not Parisians.

All varieties of modern French fencing were represented, and the encounters were arranged so as to give a due share to amateurs and to civil and military professionals. The chairman was M. Féry d'Esclands, who some years ago was at the head of Parisian amateur fencers, but who now, we believe, is pleased to consider himself a retired veteran. What most strikes an English spectator is the high level of excellence attained by a considerable number of French amateurs. There is no difficulty in finding gentlemen fencers who will make a very respectable assault even with a strong master. Of course the field of selection is much larger in Paris than in London. But, even after allowing for the much greater popularity of fencing in France, and for the scanty supply of really competent instruction in England, we doubt whether English amateurs are so good as they ought to be. There seems to be something in our national temper which does not easily accommodate itself to the minute patience and assiduous practice of the French school. A very few men are born swordsmen; otherwise a swordsman is not made without a great deal more of patience and attention than most young Englishmen seem willing to bestow. There were certainly one or two weak assaults in the Rue la Boétie, on Tuesday, in which there was a too obvious disparity between the adversaries, or a neglect of form not excused by success. In one case the salute was so carelessly performed that it had better have been omitted. A salute is nothing if not precise and graceful. These, however, were the exceptions. Let us pass on to better things. The Comte de Sauvage made a pretty and well-matched assault with M. Marty, of the Académie d'Armes. It is rare to see an amateur preserve such perfect correctness in public. M. Franconi soon afterwards made a good display of a different style, that which used to be called romantic or irregular, and is now often spoken of by the euphemistic epithet *difficile*. Dumas has, in his inimitable legendary way, described its rise in his Preface to Grisier's *Les armes et le duel*. It may be summed up (from the point of view of the classical school) as consisting in the disregard of the second half of the fundamental maxim, "toucher et ne pas être touché." And it has often been pointed out that the conventions of the

assault give the irregular fencer an advantage which would disappear in a serious duel. M. Franconi justified his method by extreme quickness of hand, and was treated with great respect by his more classical adversary, M. Calmels. But M. Franconi received a good many hits in the arm, which, though they do not count in the fencing-room, would count for a good deal on the field. There followed an excellent assault between Captain Bonini (who, being an officer instructor, must, we suppose, not be called an amateur) and M. Robert. The ignorant public loves hard knocks, and therefore prefers boxing and singletick to foils—just as at cricket it can see nothing in maiden overs. But nothing pleases the trained eye better than a well-sustained series of *phrases d'armes*, in which neither combatant gives a chance. And that pleasure was afforded by Captain Bonini and M. Robert.

In the second part of the assault the "civil" professionals had their turn. When we say that Adolphe Ruzé, Emile Mérignac, and Prévost were all there, and all in excellent form, we have said almost enough for those who will read this article. M. Gustave de Borda, a veteran amateur and a favourite with the fencing public, was opposed to Ruzé. There was a suggestion of Hamlet about his first appearance; but he soon made it evident that his hand (it was his left hand, by the way) was as young as ever. He inclines to the romantic manner. Ruzé met his attacks with exceedingly cunning and steady defence. M. Gabriel, who fenced with G. Rouleau, is also left-handed. The difficulty imposed on the salute by the adversaries using different hands was triumphantly overcome by this pair, their salute being one of the best; and the assault was quite worthy of it. M. Berretrot and Emile Mérignac showed admirable fencing, and made a notable fight for the last hit. This was carried off by Mérignac with a magnificent *coup droit*, a thing oftener talked of than seen in public, which does one good to see when it is executed, as in this case, with perfect judgment and success. Finally, the Count de l'Angle Beaumanoir exhibited with Prévost the perfection of the true classical tradition, combining modern swiftness with antique elegance. If a man will be certified that the most correct and graceful method is also the strongest, let him watch M. Prévost, or, as a makeshift, study the photographs in the "Badminton" volume on Fencing, which were produced under M. Prévost's direction. Only one diversity was admitted in the entertainment—an assault of *bare Française*, which, if any purely English boxer had been there, would have given him many things to reflect on. As an exhibition it had less appearance of being violent than English boxing generally has. The superior reach of the foot makes it necessary to manoeuvre and keep one's distance almost as much as in sabre-play.

A wholesome reaction seems to have set in against the fantastic costumes which invaded fencing-rooms a few years ago. The only eccentricity to be seen in the Rue la Boétie was a jacket with a red body and black sleeves, which did not, to our eyes, justify its existence. Two or three of the fencers wore grey velvetene, which has something to be said for it. But most of the professionals adhered or returned to the old fashion of white, varied sometimes by a garnish of black, or, in the case of those holding posts in military or State schools, by a tricolour belt. M. Prévost, with exact judgment of what became his style of fencing, appeared in the severe simplicity of unbroken white.

REVIEWS.

CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.*

BETWEEN the pages of the copy of this work which has come into our hands there has been slipped, we know not by what accident, a paper which seems to be a cancelled sheet of the book itself. As this fragment faithfully presents some of the main characteristics of Mr. Story's *Conversations in a Studio*, it appears to us that we can hardly do better than convey it to our readers, who will certainly prefer it to any superficial criticisms which we could offer:—

Belton. May I come in? *Come sta?*

Mallett. At this hour, as I believe my dear Belton is well aware, I am always engaged; however—or rather *sebbene*—you may come in if you will promise to listen and not to talk.

Belton. You will find that I shall be voiceless. Silence, my Mallett, is golden; speech is but silver.

M. A striking aphorism, and one with which I do not remember to have met. Is it from the Epistles of Fronto?

B. You flatter me! The phrase is a poor one, but mine own.

M. On the whole, Belton, I reflect that you are a better companion than none at all. I am not, however, in *istato da esser veduto*, and shall lock the studio-door from within. We will now discuss Procopius at leisure.

B. But—I am breakfasting in five minutes' time with Palatte!

M. It is vain for you to palter, *per Bacco*. Before you leave this studio, we must exhaust Procopius, you must listen to several anecdotes about Chief Justice Marshall and Mr. Calhoun, we must try which of us can translate Horace so as to retain least of the superficial grace of the original, and we must para-

phrase, in dialogue, with extreme prolixity, several of the most famous passages of the world's literature.

B. You fascinate me! Then to-day is to be the counterpart of all the previous days we have spent here together!

M. Precisely.

B. Then let us start at once. You knew old Judge Silas P. Hozier?

M. Of Quincy, Massachusetts?

B. The same. He was the quaintest and ruggedest of men. I shall never forget a phrase which fell from his lips in the heat of family controversy. He was in the act, by the way, of chastizing Mrs. Hozier with the warming-pan for an exhibition of gross untidiness. "Remember, my love," he remarked in his stringent way, "remember that a stitch in time saves nine." There is the real ring of epigram in that, I think!

M. Excellent, indeed! I shall not easily let that phrase slip my memory. Be not astonished, my Belton, if you hear me some day [*archly*] repeating this cutting apophthegm—

B. As a poor thing, but your own, I suppose?

M. You used that expression a moment ago.

B. You surely know that I am always using it? Its novelty has charmed me, and I am now endeavouring to give it the currency of constant repetition.

M. That reminds me that it cannot be too often repeated that in modern German prosody the principal rule is that all radical syllables are long, whether accented or not, while mere inflectional endings are short. This correct prosody cannot be better studied than in the poems of Procopius, though it was Fronto who laid the foundation of it.

B. You astonish me. I am ever learning. I had supposed—

M. Your suppositions might with infinite advantage be directed to another channel of inquiry. In whatever channel they run I trust that I shall not be unfitted, as I shall certainly not be unwilling, to accompany them. I have often reflected that the exiguity of apprehension which exonerates the unaffiliated imagination from all blame in the repeated failure of its laudable attempt to cope in illustration with the efflorescence of an intellect more resolutely dowered than itself with plastic inventiveness of a hortatory, or indeed of a horticultural, order, should ultimately be referred in any examination conscientiously undertaken on a philosophical basis to the correlation of—

B. In parenthesis—sip a few drops of this excellent beverage, fresh from the high vineyards of Lachryma Christi! You seem flushed.

M. I am ever roused at the advent of such high thoughts as these. It is strange that to an idler among men (comparatively speaking), to such a narrow brain as mine (there is no modesty in this—Rome and its giant memories is around us—are around us, thanks!), that to me, in fact, such angel ministrants should descend. But so it is. I have often sojourned, as you are well aware, among the noble peasantry of the Abruzzi; and, as I have walked home under the purple evening sky, I have sometimes been chucked in the ribs playfully enough by *uno dei miei amici*, and challenged with a playful proverb which is in circulation there. How does it run? Let me see? I quote from memory, but I think the phrase is, "Zenzero sarà caldo in bocca!" The good, joyous peasantry of the Abruzzi! But to me, Belton, as you may well conceive, the ginger that warms me is no ephemeral sweetmeat or relish of the tongue, but the Ideal, with its smooth outlines, its starry front, its lank drapery, its total absence of every species of modelling. In these moods you know my severity as a critic. You know how empty appears to me the boasted artifice of the Greeks, how stunted the so-called intellectual stature of Goethe. I wish to be pleased with what the puny hand of man, of other men, creates, but I cannot. The cruel vision comes between. We will now speak of Poppæa.

B. Was she, then, a sculptor?

M. Oh, no! But the essence of conversations of this kind is to pass very lightly from subject to subject. Besides, the transition is not so violent as you might be led to suppose, since Poppæa was also a Worshipper of the Ideal. At least I believe so. You will not have forgotten that she was so anxious to preserve her beauty and the elegance of her person that five hundred asses were kept on purpose to afford her milk in which she used daily to bathe. Even in her banishment she was faithfully attended by fifty of these animals for the same purpose, and from their milk she invented a kind of ointment, or pomatum, to preserve beauty, called *Poppæanum* from her. It has always been understood that the refusal of Octavia to anoint herself with this pomatum, or ointment, was one principal cause of the melancholy into which Poppæa fell. She was heard to refer to this impertinence as being what the French call "a nasty one." You will recollect that in another of our conversations I remarked to you that, in spite of the licentiousness of her life, the manners of Poppæa were modest and gentle. So were those of Nero, and as for Agrippina, as I have said before, the book I should like of all others to read would be the lost memoirs of her life. It would reveal to us, I doubt not, a truly Christian character. I remember—

B. What a memory you possess! As you said to me the other day, with your accustomed freshness of expression, the world knows nothing of its greatest men! Yet who possesses the equal of the mind, the elegant and well-stored mind, of Mallett?

M. And yet you know not of what I am capable! You have not heard me sketch the principal facts in the public life of Walter

* *Conversations in a Studio*. By William Wetmore Story. 2 vols. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

Scott! You have not been present when I revealed the thrilling fact, of which there appears to exist positive evidence, that Shelley was drowned—drowned! my Belton! that beautiful existence subjected to a watery termination in the Gulf of Spezia! You have as yet no conception of what I can do if I seek for Dutch equivalents for nursery rhymes! You have not been thrilled by the relation of any of the Arabian stories I am acquainted with—the Djinn imprisoned by Solomon in the vase, the Lamp of one Aladdin; no ordinary Oriental chestnuts these, my friend! You have as yet no conception of the time I can keep going on quoting from the incantations of Marcus Portius Cato, from Dr. Fitch's *Treatise on Consumption*, from an old play named, if I recall the title correctly, *The Merchant of Venice*, and, of course, above all, from Procopius. I do not know whether I ever told you that the *De Edificiis*, or *Treatise of the Buildings of Justinian*, contains an account of the principal public works executed during the reign of that emperor down to 553, in which year it seems to have been composed, particularly churches, palaces, board schools, fortresses, barracks, roads, railways, aqueducts, telegraphs, canals—

B. You spread before me an exquisite intellectual banquet, but I have not breakfasted. In the centre of my being I hear the soft hooting of a downy owl.

M. I know that little downy owl—the Tuscan maidens name it the Aziola.

B. The Tuscan maidens may; in the patois of Connecticut we style it Peckishness. Your conversation is singularly appetizing, Mallett, and so farewell. I save myself, as the French say.

M. I was about to inform you what was the amount of the real estate of Lentulus and of Isodoros, passing on to Marcus Scaurus. But a *rivederci*—it is really of no consequence.

NOVELS.*

MR. KEARY has heavily handicapped himself by his method of telling his story in letters, and for that reason the triumph of his success must be accounted all the greater. For that he has achieved a success no sane person who reads his book through can possibly doubt. Most people have a prejudice against novels made up of correspondence, and with reason. They are apt to be like the monologues or tirades in a play where the hero tells the heroine the name of her own father, and gives her a minute sketch of the circumstances in which her life has been passed. The letters have a tendency (like the speeches) to be unduly long, and to make the reader sigh wearily as he thinks of the wasted life of the too eager correspondent. On the whole, Mr. Keary escapes the snares set for him. Some of the early epistles are hardly explicit enough, and the intelligence must be bright indeed which can grapple with the relationships of the Norris family; but these soon clear themselves up, and then all is plain sailing. One of the best points in the book is the manner in which the characters develop themselves. The beauty-loving, money-needing, easy-going Arthur Norris, who suffers himself to drift in any direction that seems good to him at the moment, finds that the current of circumstances has drawn him into a whirlpool from which there is no escape; while his light-hearted cousin Evelyn, with her love of admiration and amusement, is transformed by suffering and her love for her husband into a self-contained and noble woman. Perhaps in the early letters the irresponsibility of girlhood is a little overdone. But these blemishes soon disappear, and the letters both of men and women are marked by extreme naturalness of tone. Occasionally Arthur Norris seems to be trying a little too hard to say something smart; but it is quite possible that a man of his type would have done this. The position of affairs at the end of the first hundred pages lies in a nutshell. Arthur Norris becomes through an accident heir to a baronetcy in the family, proposes to his cousin Evelyn, who will inherit all the money, and is accepted by her. She is pretty and pleasant, and has had many suitors (we gather this from her letters to her friend Mrs. Yorke), but has turned a deaf ear to all, with the exception of one Captain Wragge, whom she too late discovers to be a *mauvais sujet*. It is a pity Mr. Keary has chosen to dub this ungentlemanly scoundrel with the name of the husband of the immortal lady whose shoes were always "down at heel," and we are sure that any kinship would have been scornfully disowned by Horatio. But Evelyn's brief love affair with Wragge is in part the cause of her future troubles. He is repulsed by her family, and (perhaps in consequence) she clings to him, writes to him, and, finally, after she has found him out for what he really is, gets entrapped by her maid into an interview with him, about which she tells a lie to Arthur Norris. For by this time she is engaged to Norris, and has discovered that her infatuation for Wragge was not at all the same (time-honoured discovery!) as her devotion to her new lover. They are married; and several months elapse quietly,

during which Mr. Keary allows us to see the workings of Norris's mind after these ill-starred nuptials. He is pleased with his wife, and, for a time, grows daily more fond of her, and finds her more of a comrade and companion; but the life of ease and worship tells on a nature without strength, and with little gratitude in its composition; and he gradually becomes bored and cross, and on the look out for a grievance. This comes in the shape of some fragments of Evelyn's letters to Captain Wragge, sent him by the spiteful maid who has been dismissed her service. She is ill and frightened; and, instead of telling the whole story, gives a lame explanation, which he naturally does not believe. Things are in this unsatisfactory state when Evelyn is summoned to nurse her mother, leaving Arthur half troubled and half pleased that he has a "dent" against her, and that if "she humbugged me, I've humbugged her." In this state of mind he meets, at a Wagner concert, a young German singer, whose beauty he had greatly admired when lodging in her mother's house in Austria, the year before. From this moment his fate is sealed, with hardly a struggle on his part. He pursues Pauline Pfau with reckless passion; and, after a terrific scene with his wife, forsakes her abruptly, and goes with Pauline to the South of France. For a man who describes himself as a "good-natured brute," who does not "like giving pain," the moment is singularly ill chosen, as Evelyn is expecting shortly the birth of her child, and nearly dies from the shock. After this act the whole interest becomes centred in watching the deterioration of Norris's character; his eyes being opened while his passion remained the same. He began first to see that Pauline was restless away from cities and the excitements of an artist's life; then that her voice was not of a first-rate kind, and that it needed expansion. Then he began to be tormented by her causeless jealousy, and, finally, by his own, for which there was ample foundation. Idleness, remorse, and passion gradually did their work upon him, and drink and gambling grew to be his only pastimes. At last he commits a capital crime, and the remainder of the story is concerned with the winding-up of his own wretched life. He escapes to London, where he seeks shelter with his friend Dick Purcell, in whose rooms he accidentally has an interview with his wife, who is seeking a divorce. Even here, in spite of himself, he cannot resist sneering at her entreaty to go back to her; for she had forgotten the peril in which he stood, and thought only of his wrongs towards herself. As with many other people, nothing in Norris's life became him like the leaving it. Mr. Keary has attempted a task rarely tried by English novelists, but one dear to the heart of M. Paul Bourget. It is to show the deteriorating influence exercised by a passion for a woman. But M. Bourget's men are stronger in other ways than Arthur Norris. They have further to fall, so the crash is proportionately greater and more complete. Arthur Norris was a poor, weak creature, whose good qualities were purely of a negative sort, and who would have been quite incapable, under the most favourable circumstances, of doing more than getting through the world in a harmless way. Still, Mr. Keary doubtless knew what he was doing when he made him like that; and we may congratulate him on having produced, not merely a novel, but a work of art.

Miss Atkinson's last story, *They Have Their Reward*, is not equal to her previous one, *The Web of Life*. There is too much improbability about it, of the sort that is least welcome in modern fiction, and the personages are rather uninteresting. The question is whether a place in Wales and half a million of money are to go to one Bernard North, son of the testator's old love, or whether the wish of Bernard's mother should be fulfilled, and the old man's grandchild, Joanna Durant, be made the heiress. The matter is finally compromised by the old man consenting to let one year elapse before Bernard North takes the property, and if during that time Joanna Durant, who is missing, is not found, the young man is to keep it altogether. The end of the tale is, of course, patent to all; but Bernard nearly loses his honour, by keeping the gold through the wiles of a low-born adventuress; while Joanna narrowly escapes the snares set for her by a vulgar Jew, who, on discovering the advertisements which she has never seen, induces her by various threats to promise to marry him. There is too much melodrama mixed up to make the story very attractive, and many people would be glad to know the means by which Ephraim Myers, the obnoxious Jew owner of a Liverpool Music Hall, contrived to blossom out into a millionaire philanthropist. Miss Atkinson should take a little more pains with her style. It is apt to be involved and clumsy, and sentences such as the following are by no means uncommon:—"But before Bernard had time to answer the young lady, whose horse had been remarkably restless, until it had at last backed into a position whence its fair rider and Bernard had an uninterrupted view of each other, said suddenly."

Miss Mordeck's Father betrays its nationality in its title; nevertheless, as far as the story has any interest at all, that interest lies not in Miss Mordeck, but in her father, who is denied an individuality of his own. The book is another and not successful attempt to expound the theory of a double consciousness, by which a man is at one moment and in the same city a grave, responsible being and excellent *père de famille*, and the next a rakish, dashing gambler, giving his wife and daughter much uneasiness. In both of these capacities, and at almost precisely the same time, he has become the father of two daughters, each ignorant of the existence of the other for the first twenty years

* *A Meringe de Conscience*. By C. F. Keary. 2 vols. London: Fisher Unwin. 1890.

They Have Their Reward. By Blanche Atkinson. London: George Allen. 1890.

Miss Mordeck's Father. By Fani Pusey Goode. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1890.

A Phonographic Mystery. By L. Madreyhijo. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

of her life. About that period Mr. Mordeck—or Captain Dunbar—carries his double consciousness to such a pitch that he clothes each daughter in a sealskin ulster and cap. About that period, too, Miss Mordeck was travelling alone, when she was accosted in terms of devotion by a young man who persisted in claiming her as his bride, and in leaving her, on their approach to the station, with a tender embrace. She not unnaturally thought he was mad, but of course he was the *fiancé* of her unknown, but precisely similar, sister Naida Dunbar. This young man, Mr. Chilson, was an artist, and, after gaining the confidence of Mr. Mordeck, became an involuntary witness of his transformation into Captain Dunbar. It is a little unlucky for the artist that, on continuing his acquaintance with Miss Mordeck, he should have transferred his affections to her from Miss Dunbar; but in the end all is made easy, for Miss Dunbar dies suddenly, after having wrung her canary's neck. We do not mean to say that there is any relation of cause and effect between these events, but merely that such was their sequence. As to the narrative of Mr. Mordeck, or Captain Dunbar's, change of identity in the battlefield, it is enough to make the strongest brain reel, and bets might be taken as to the meaning of the *dénouement*. One thing is certain, that no well-regulated young woman will take any interest in a hero and heroine that bear such outlandish christian names as Shreves (Chilson) and Browné (Mordeck), so called after her mother, who was a Miss Browne.

A *Phonographic Mystery* is an equally mixed account of the marvels unfolded by one of the modern discoveries. A small boy, Hugh Cunningham, has talked since his birth, in a kind of gibberish very remote from the Ayrshire tongue spoken all about him. One day a friend who has travelled in South America comes to stay in the house, and happens by accident to mention a Peruvian name. The child pricks up his ears and repeats it after him; the friend declares his conviction that his language is a real language, and insists on the boy's being taken up to London and made to talk into a phonograph. The words are then written down (this might have been done without the phonograph), and by the aid of some family relics it is proved that the boy is instinctively speaking the language of Peru under the Incas, one of whose descendants had married into the Cunningham family. Much unusual trouble seems, however, to have been taken by the powers that be to restore the Cunningham family to their former riches. The boy Hugh draws a plan of a seaside town and a fort; his brother Gavin produces a MS. in which an old monk, once in a Scottish abbey, declares that a treasure belonging to the Incas is buried in "the Castilla del Oro in Car—." The friend is sent by the engineering firm to which he belongs on business to South America, and dreams on the way, first, that the boy Hugh is dead, and then that he saw the breviary open and the word "Carril" written on it. At the first stoppage of the steamer he asks the name of the place. Is told it is "Carril." He throws up everything, digs in the Castilla del Oro, finds no treasure, but notices a mark of a cross and a shield, gets a telegram that Hugh is dying, and returns to Scotland. Some time after an accident leads him to remove an old tree and descend into a vault, where he discovers another cross and shield, which of course conceals the missing treasure. Anything more clumsy than the whole development of this tale can hardly be imagined; and no mortal can guess why a man should be sent out to Spain only to be brought back to Scotland. The whole thing is childish and silly in the extreme, and the author would do well not to mix Italian and Spanish in his phrases.

A MIDSUMMER DRIVE THROUGH THE PYRENEES.*

WE used to know the Pyrenees tolerably well, and many years ago we have walked or driven through not a few of the valleys, and we crossed sundry of the higher passes. But it never struck us that we were in an unexplored country, and that, had it not been for our inborn modesty, we might have entered for the medals of the Geographical Society. However, as we live we are always learning, and Mr. Dix assures us that, in the great Transatlantic Republic, the Pyrenees are considered at least as untravelled ground as the Atlas or the Andes. He sought in vain for travellers' notes. Had he consulted us, we should have referred him to guide-books by Murray, Baedeker, and Joanne, or to more special handbooks which have long been familiar as household words, such as those by Mr. Packe and Count Henry Russell, though possibly the two last may be out of print. He seems to have doubted whether the hill country was traversed or skirted by carriage roads. He had been given to understand that brigandage had, to some extent, been put down, and that ransoms "ruled lower" than in Spain or Sicily; but he believed in the plundering innkeeper, and he mistrusted the accommodation and the fare. So he brought a virgin mind to the study of a virgin country. But we are bound to say that the results are agreeable and by no means unprofitable. His *Midsummer Drive* is undeniably a piece of bookmaking, but the work is pleasantly and artistically put together. He has a strong dash of romance in his temperament, and he has read up indefatigably the old legends and the chronicles. He has made himself at home in mediæval and modern history, and he

has familiarized himself with such charming French *littérateurs* as M. Taine. He is too much given to abstract philosophy; but he has very considerable descriptive power, and not infrequently the pages are brightened with touches of genuine Transatlantic humour. As for the title of "Drive," it is somewhat deceptive. We were led to expect that he had started in his own four-in-hand and coached his own team round awkward hill-corners and through the crooked lanes of hanging villages double-locked in deep gorges. As matter of fact, he merely chartered carriages like other people, as he was content to gaze from a respectful distance at the peaks and snow-clad summits which have been scaled by more enterprising tourists.

We spend at least a third of the volume on the Western coast before we are taken into the Pyrenees at all. Mr. Dix made his start from Biarritz in the early summer, when the hotels were still more than half empty, and before the rush of fashionable Spaniards had set in. He says nothing of the grand rock scenery, which is shown off even in calm weather to great advantage by the showers of spray thrown up from the roll of the Atlantic ground swell. But he was greatly struck by the picturesque aspects of semi-Spanish Bayonne, with the mixed races, in their characteristic costumes, who hustle each other in the narrow streets, and with the walls and battlements and venerable remains, which recall the sanguinary insecurity of the chivalrous middle ages. *A propos* to which he quotes a singularly suggestive passage from Mr. Taine, and tells a striking story of vigorous municipal administration, when a mayor of the olden time, *pour encourager les autres*, hanged five Radical citizens who had been giving trouble about certain bridge tolls. Then he reproduces vividly the primitive mode of conveyance, called *le cacolet*, which was to Bayonne and the Basque provinces what the *corricolo* was to the Naples of the Bourbons. The *cacolet* consisted simply of a pair of side-saddles or panniers, slung to a horse, a mule, or a donkey. But it was more difficult to mount than even an exaggerated bicycle, because the double spring had to be accomplished by a sympathetic and simultaneous movement from either side. If one of the passengers made the jump too soon, one or both would assuredly go a cropper. The *cacolet* survived till comparatively lately, thanks to the sturdy conservatism with which the Basques have preserved their independence, their immemorial customs, and their dialect. Mr. Dix has a good deal to say with regard to them, though he makes no mention of George Borrow, who painted them nearly to perfection in *The Bible in Spain*. Nor do we think that in narrating at considerable length the Song of Roland and the fight of Roncesvalles he makes any allusion to Bernardo del Carpio, the hero of so many of the stirring old Castilian ballads, who hounded the fierce Basque hillmen on Charlemagne and the Paladins.

One of the charms of Mr. Dix's book is that he is always indulging us with sharp transitions and ringing the changes between the romantic and the prosaic. From the chivalrous Roland blowing his magical horn and vainly calling for help to his Imperial cousin we turn to the hotel-keeper of the present sitting down to write out his bill of charges. Mr. Dix is all for the American—we may say the Oriental and the Spanish—system of charging a lump sum per day, instead of keeping doubtful account of innumerable paltry items. And, on the whole, we are inclined to agree with him, were it only in compassion for the clerks, who must strain their memories over an "infinity of microscopic bookkeeping." That is followed by a still more practical illustration of the easy and inevitable descent from the sublime to the commonplace. He made a trip to the dead-alive Fuentarabia, which was galvanized into spasmodic life a few years ago by the ephemeral prosperity of some French gaming-tables. Wandering through the dark and foul-smelling streets within the cramped enceinte of the historical walls he came upon a signboard before a crumbling mansion. And the signboard bore this inscription:—"For Sale. This Royal Palace and Castle of the Emperor Charles V. Apply, for information, &c."

It was a bright and brilliant change from man-forsaken Fuentarabia to fashionable Pau. We are surprised to hear Mr. Dix remark that Pau is little known to the Americans. In former days the hospitable American colony was the life and salt of the lively society of Pau; the men kept hard-working fathers at home to make money for them; they invariably spent the winters at Pau, with its hunting, dancing, golfing, and picnicking, passing the rest of the year at Paris, or Biarritz, or one of the northern watering-places. But possibly the French Republic has been gradually stamping them out; for, although born beneath the free banner of the stripes and the stars, they all heartily detested Republican institutions. Pau and its Château, of course, suggest Henry IV., and Mr. Dix gives an excellent account from the chronicles of the gallant capture of "Mademoiselle" Cahors by the Vert Galant. But he appears to be indifferent to fiction or else to despise it, otherwise he must have alluded to Dumas' admirably dramatic scenes in *Les Quarante-Cinq*, when Chicot became an involuntary and somewhat unwilling witness of the feats of heroism of the "terrible coward." Driving from Pau to Gabas beneath the Pic du Midi, Mr. Dix experienced a climate like that of the Scotch Highlands, where it always rains when it does not snow. He found, moreover, that its evil reputation was confirmed by common report. If that be so, we have been personally fortunate. We have got up some half-dozen picnic parties to Gabas in our time, and the visits always came off in brilliant sunshine. *En revanche* we paid special attention to the commissariat, knowing by experience that the inn soup was swimming with lamp-oil,

* *A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees*. By Edwin Asa Dix, M.A. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1890.

and that the dishes were saturated with garlic; whereas Mr. Dix assures us that nowadays not only comfort, but luxury, is to be met with in the menus. He expresses heartfelt gratitude to the Emperor Louis Napoleon for the *Route Thermale*, constructed eastwards through the mountains, and in the worst places a marvel of engineering. In fact, Louis Napoleon always copied his uncle in his labours and public works with a reverence that was almost servile. As his uncle had cut "paths of pleasure"—*vide* Rogers—over the Alps, so he cut communications through the Pyrenees. In the same way he would never permit modifications in the famous decree signed at Moscow on the eve of the fire and the retreat which settled the constitution of the Comédie-Française. By the way, Mr. Dix, in mentioning the improvements in the barren and malarious Landes, fails to do full justice to the Emperor. He rightly praises the enterprise and energy of certain préfets and some higher Parisian officials. But in reality the impulse to reclamation came directly from the Tuileries, and it was the Emperor who provided the money which has since paid more than satisfactory interest. At the Baths of Cauterets we are told of the associations with the accomplished Marguerite of Angoulême and of Rabelais. Like all great and jovial humourists, the Curé of Meudon must have had his moments of depression. And we cannot help fancying that they must have come pretty frequently on him at Cauterets, with its depressing mountain mists and the sombre tints of its slaty precipices. Nor can the invalided arquebusers and pikemen always crawling about the healing springs have helped in any way to enliven the scenery. But we agree with Mr. Dix, and with everybody else, that Barèges is still more dismal and more generally detestable. Luz is brighter, as we should suppose it ought to be, from the "canting name." But at sunny Luz, *à propos* to the little side-door, long ago bricked up, in the old Church of the Templars, Mr. Dix tells with truth and point the deplorable tale of the proscribed and persecuted Cagots. They at least had good reason to bless the Revolution; for they stood too low to have their heads sheared by the guillotine, and they had neither rights nor property to lose. With equal spirit he describes the latter-day lives of the guides and the charcoal-burners, who, although they suffer under no civil disabilities like the Cagots, have more than their share of every-day privations. Perhaps it is because the volume had been swelled already to excessive bulk by profuse quotation and discursive moralizing that the account of the visit to Bagnères de Luchon, by far the most enchanting and attractive of the Pyrenean hill-baths, is summarily cut short. On the whole, however, we can conscientiously recommend Mr. Dix's book as a useful supplement to the ordinary guides, because it contains more than enough of local history and legend to serve all the purposes of the ordinary tourist, who is not generally, as the French say, *fermé en romance*.

LORD DUNDONALD.*

WE should have nothing but praise for this reprint of *The Autobiography of a Seaman* if certain matters of form, which are not wholly matters of form, had been attended to by the publishers. It is not a handsome book, and the casing is of a gritty cloth which is not agreeable to the hand; but these are comparatively small faults. The book is meant, we take it, to supply a popular demand, and cannot therefore be luxurious. Buckram, which is one of the cheapest of materials, might certainly have been used to cover it; but, if the buyers of cheap books are supposed not to care what they feel like, the publisher is free to take something less pleasant. After all, the great point is that the public should be thought capable of appreciating the Autobiography at all; and if they do read it that will be enough. The complaint we have to make to Messrs. Bentley is nothing to do with the casing, printing, or paper of the volume. It is this—that, though the book is a third edition, there is nothing whatever on the title-page to show that it is not a first. No doubt it was advertised as what it is, and the "Preface to the Sequel" will inform all who did not know it already that the Autobiography had appeared before. There is no actual deception practised, but this is not the form in which things ought to be done by a firm of the high standing of Messrs. Bentley. It is not according to the tradition of the good school of publishers. Moreover, to publish the Autobiography by itself, with a very brief Sequel, was a course also by no means up to the standard they might be expected to maintain. Two volumes of the same size would have been enough to give, not only this part of the Admiral's life, but his own narrative of his services in South America. The combination of the two would have made a complete work, which might, we should imagine, have been published in a handsome form at a reasonable price. There can have been no difficulties as to copyright in the way. Messrs. Bentley have decided to publish a fragment in a rather poor style, and, whether they are right from a business point of view or not, they have certainly missed a chance of sending out a valuable book in a form of which a publishing firm might be proud. It is not necessary to give many words to the "Sequel," which fills about a fourth of the volume.

* *The Autobiography of a Seaman*. By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald. With a Sequel, Edited by his Grandson, Douglas, Twelfth Earl of Dundonald. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

The Earl of Dundonald has little to say of his grandfather of his own knowledge, and has, as he frankly confesses, drawn largely on the "Narrative" and the Life by the Eleventh Earl and Mr. Fox-Bourne, written a few years ago.

The best we can honestly say for the reprint is that it may remind the "general reader" of one of the most striking figures in modern history, and may possibly turn the attention of a competent biographer to a subject of quite extraordinary capabilities. There have not been many men within the last hundred years of whom it can be said that they were eminently worth writing about, that the materials for a biography are abundant, trustworthy (to whomsoever handles them with some critical faculty), accessible, and contained within a very moderate compass, and of whom it must also be said that their lives have been so written as to call loudly for rewriting by an independent biographer. On this last point there will, we are confident, be no difference of opinion among competent judges who have read the Autobiography, the Narrative, and the Life. All three are good in various ways and degrees. All three are trustworthy—but with a difference. They would be perfectly safe authority in the hands of one who knew how to interpret—but only in his. Whoever takes, not only the facts in them, but the opinions and deductions implied or expressed, and makes a Life out of them in that way, might produce literature, but he would certainly not write history. The Admiral's own narratives may be relied on implicitly when they are interpreted by the help of his character. The Life gives useful facts imbedded in not a little mere family panegyric. Taken together they are excellent material ready to the hand of the workmen, but they await the handling. Until they get it they will remain a statement of the plaintiff's case made either by himself or by his natural advocates. Of them as of any Life slavishly founded on them, one can only say that, though they may be literature (the Admiral's own work certainly is), they are not history.

Withal, too, Dundonald is an irresistibly tempting subject. His career was long, was extraordinarily full, and was always the reverse of commonplace. As a fighter he was in his way among the greatest. No man ever possessed in a more eminent degree the remarkably effective combination of the trained officer with the born guerrillero. Whether he could have commanded a great fleet with success must, of course, remain a question to those who will believe nothing which has not been shown them by practical experiment. There ought, however, to be no doubt on the point for those who can argue from proved character and faculty to probable achievement. No admiral, general, or scientific writer on war ever reasoned more convincingly than Dundonald, or could point out with more luminous precision the causes of defeat or victory. His, too, is eminently a case for the application of the rule concerning those who are faithful in small things. Dundonald did such marvellous feats with trifling means, that it is idle to doubt whether he could not have used great with effect. His actions as a sea-fighter, regular and irregular, were numerous enough to have made the reputation of half a dozen other men. The cruises of the *Speedy*, the capture of the *Gamo*, the escape of the *Pallas* from the French squadron off the Azores, the fight in the Basque Roads, which was more like Nelson than any piece of service done by other men, the masterly surprise of Valdivia, and the cutting out of the *Esmeralda* make among them a unique record. His courage, too, was no mere heat of the blood. It was a matter of temperament controlled by extraordinary sagacity and directed by the most exact calculation. The rule which stands in all the books—that the best of defences is a well-directed attack—was a self-evident truth to him; but he never thought that an attack could be made without calculation, except at the risk of utter defeat. When he ran the *Speedy* so close alongside the *Gamo* that the big Spaniard's broadside went clear over him, he calculated as much as Gambier did when he hung back from forcing his way into the Basque Roads. But Cochrane's was the calculation of a daring man, and not of an officer who feared responsibility more than failure. For the rest, it is in vain that the wisdom of the daring course is pointed out in text-books. It was always known to him who had the temperament, and will never be acted on except by those who have.

But the attraction of Dundonald's Life is not only in the variety of the incidents and the field. It is illuminated all through by what is the soul of every biography worth reading—by the character of the man. That is what the biographer is so greatly needed to interpret. For the fighting we can rest content with the Admiral's own words, which few are likely to better; but for him something more is wanted. That something would need to be very different from his version or the unmeasured praise of his son and Mr. Fox-Bourne. If Dundonald fulfils the condition demanded of the hero of a tragedy, if his character is the motive power in the story, it is also certain that it was the cause of the evil in his fortunes as well as of the good. To him and to his family advocates it seemed always clear that, if this was so, it was because his virtues were intolerable to the powers of darkness. In particular they were convinced that this incompatibility between his excellence and the wickedness of others accounts for the great central event of his life—the trial in 1814, and the condemnation which embittered the remainder of his life. The biographer whom we have imagined at work on the evidence would probably come to another or a modified conclusion. It is a significant fact that till age had somewhat tamed him Dundonald could never work

with colleague or superior officer. Even his countryman, Lord Keith, of whom he speaks with exceptional kindness, had to rebuke him for "outrecuidance" to the first-lieutenant of the flag ship. With the others it is always the same story—St. Vincent, Collingwood, Gambier, the Ministers at home, the Chilian and Peruvian leaders, the Ministers at Rio, the Greek Committee—they were all weak or wicked. Above all, they were basely envious of Dundonald, envious to a degree of insane malignity. They hated not only him, but all he had made his friends. Their hatred is shown after years of concealment by sudden tricks of fiendish malignity. When a man has this to tell us we see clearly enough that, whatever else is true of him, there must have been stonks and restiveness in his nature which did not allow his mind to keep way with the wheels of his fortune. What those stonks and restiveness were, would, we think, be no great puzzle for a biographer. Dundonald was, in truth, a Scotchman of the stamp of Scott's Redgauntlet—that is to say, an aggressive and essentially insolent man. Not ungenerous to those who would frankly submit to him, and be content to follow—much the contrary. His men and officers would have followed him to storm the gates of Hell, like the Connaught Rangers, but he could have no equal, and submit to no superior. He could devote himself to a cause, but he must serve it as master, and then he hated all who stood over against him as personal enemies, and attacked them with ferocity. He could not understand that he could be opposed, no matter how temperately, except from the basest motives, and said so in season and out of season. His estimate of his own importance was enormous. If he is to be believed, the great business of the Admiralty during all the years of his service was to suppress Thomas Cochrane by every conceivable mean and cruel trick. "Hatred of me" accounts for everything—was, in fact, the mainspring of British policy. The passing of the Foreign Enlistment Act was entirely due to the dastardly malignity of Ministers, who aimed only at preventing "me" from liberating South America, and so forth. In fact, Dundonald was all his life subject to a delusion, more common among artists and men of letters than men of action—the belief in the existence of a clique or ring or gang which exists for no other purpose than to run them down. It is a mania often found in really able men, but never, we think, in men of quite first-rate parts and character. Or, at least, if the parts are first rate, as they were in Rousseau, then the character is spoilt by insanity. In men who are not mad it is commonly the outcome of that form of vanity which Carlyle discovered in the elder Boswell—the vanity which is envious and sour. In this we believe lies the key to Dundonald's disaster in 1814. He had made himself hated by those whom he personally attacked, and intolerable to Ministers towards whom he was ingeniously mutinous. Therefore there was a very general joy felt when he seemed to have put himself in their power. The trial itself will repay revision by the competent biographer. He will not, we think, believe that Dundonald actually engaged in a fraudulent adventure which was ungenerous to his virtues and his faults alike. He will not deny that Lord Ellenborough "played the game" like a judge of the old school—that is, he made the utmost possible use of the letter of the law and his own personal influence to crush a man whose principles he thought detestable. But, though the biographer will take that view, we are inclined to think he will also have to decide that Cochrane was wildly injudicious, and that the jury had enough to justify their verdict in the evidence.

DUKE ERNEST AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

THESE volumes tell the story of European politics, so far as the author had the opportunity of acting in them and observing them, from the year 1850 to the year 1870. It is not, apparently, the design of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to narrate the events of the twenty years which have since passed. The year 1870 brought one great historic period to a conclusion, and opened another. In a certain sense, a new Europe was raised on the basis of the old. The Duke's active participation in Continental affairs ceased with the establishment of the system which in some degree he had helped to found; and there is a personal as well as an historic appropriateness in the limit which he has assigned to his record.

This period, practically commencing with the foundation of the Second Empire in France, and ending with the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles, is marked by the establishment of Prussian ascendancy in Germany through the expulsion of Austria from the German Confederation, and by the establishment of German primacy in Europe—Continental Europe—on the ruin of that of France. The unity and independence of Italy, the limitation of the influence of Russia, and the erection of the French Republic, important in themselves, were the means or consequences of this great reversal of the prior conditions. In the diplomacy and the wars which step by step brought about these results, the Duke participated as looker-on, counsellor, and actor. The interest in his volumes lies in the fact that they give us the *desous* of the projects and events of which the newspapers and other contemporary chroniclers exhibit merely the side intended for

the public view. They show history in the making and not simply as made. There is considerable truth in the Duke's remark, somewhat awkwardly expressed, or rather, perhaps, awkwardly translated, as to "the difference which exists in the world between the official routine, if it may be so termed, of exterior political work and the real intentions and ideas of the powers working in the background"; and he is able to present more than one illustration of it. The Duke's Memoirs do not deal exclusively with general tendencies and political results. He was in very close relations with most of the leading personages in European politics. His correspondence and conversations with King Leopold of Belgium, with the Emperor Napoleon and with the Empress Eugénie, with Frederick William IV. and William I. of Prussia, with Bismarck and Stockmar, and, most of all, with the Queen and Prince Consort and with eminent English statesmen, give a charm of anecdote and of character-drawing to the volumes, which relieves the dryness of a narrative of combinations and intrigues of which the success or failure has equally diminished the living interest.

It is less as the sovereign of a petty German principality than as the brother of the Prince Consort that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha will attract English readers. His volumes throw considerable light on the opinions of the Queen and her husband, and especially on their feelings towards the statesmen whom they called, or were constrained to admit, to their counsels. The strongest of these seem to have been their unbounded attachment to Sir Robert Peel, and an equally intense sentiment of an opposite kind for Lord Palmerston. On the death of Peel the Prince Consort writes describing it as "a loss for the whole of Europe, a dreadful one for England, but an incalculable one for the Crown and for us personally. . . . We now entirely lack all that support in Parliament and with public opinion which he afforded to the throne." Of Lord Palmerston, on his dismissal from office by Lord John Russell, the Prince Consort writes to his brother, "Now the year closes with the happy circumstance, for us, that the man who embittered our whole life, by continually placing us before the shameful alternative of either sanctioning his misdeeds throughout all Europe and rearing up the Radical party here to a power under his leadership, or bringing about an open conflict with the Crown, and thus plunging the only country where liberty, order, and lawfulness exist together into the general chaos—that this man has, as it were, cut his own throat. Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself, is an old English adage with which we have sometimes tried to console ourselves, and which has proved true here again." "Le roi me reverra," Palmerston might have said, if he had been aware of these words, as he doubtless was of the feeling which dictated them. The idea of Palmerston rearing up the Radical party to power in England, and so precipitating a conflict with the Crown, seems to show that at this time the Prince Consort had not completely acquired the faculty of looking at English politics and politicians from an English point of view. The same comment is suggested by the indignation which the Prince Consort expressed when he heard that his brother was in the habit of visiting that notorious centre of intrigue, the Cosmopolitan Club, "where the publisher of the *Times*, and other persons of pronounced political views, concocted, as the saying went, so-called public opinion."

A still more extraordinary misapprehension as to what was possible in English politics would be disclosed if we could suppose that another idea mentioned here was entertained by the Prince Consort, and was not rather a speculation of the writer, though he too was a sagacious judge of what was possible and knew something of England. When there was a project of electing Duke Ernest to the throne of Greece, his uncle Leopold of Belgium wrote to him:—"How peculiar are the destinies of the children of the earth! Our beloved Albert had so great a desire for the Royal title and yet found it so difficult to accomplish. . . . Perhaps something in the style of William and Mary might have been effected, but the conditions were then different, besides a Prince of Wales could not have been well set aside legally." It does not appear that this was a project of the Prince's, but rather a fancy of King Leopold's. But that he should have canvassed even retrospectively the possibility of creating the Prince Consort King of England in his own right on equal terms with the Queen, and with exclusive title after the Queen's death, the Prince of Wales being set aside till his father's demise of the Crown, is a psychological curiosity. The fact, to which Mr. Bagehot long ago called attention, that the Prince Consort did really exercise the influence of a constitutional king was apparent from Sir Theodore Martin's Memoirs of him, and is still more apparent from Duke Ernest's Memoirs of himself. The perplexities in which an unrecognized position involved this exercise, acting upon an anxiously scrupulous conscience and a mind ingenious and constantly occupied alike in the discovery of difficulties and in devices for removing them, and never thoroughly acclimatized to English politics, wore out, there is too much reason for thinking, the Prince's strength. "A Tory Ministry," he wrote on one occasion, "with Radical programmes, which carries through Republican measures with a Conservative majority against a well-organized Liberal Opposition, is a matter of infinite difficulty for a constitutional monarch." On his last visit to Germany his mental weariness and fatigue, and the decline of his interest in men and things, were as obvious as his physical prostration. It would seem as if a charm had been taken out of his life when the

* *Memoirs of Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha*. Vols. III. & IV. Translated from the German, by Percy Andrae, Ph.D. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia separated him from the daughter whose character and mind he had formed, acting, not as her counsellor and guide only, but in the strictest sense as her tutor. No substitute could be found for this companionship. "The boys of the family had too little softness to make any immediate occupation with them agreeable, and the other girls were still too little." How far these disclosures as to the secret mind of the Prince Consort and the domestic life of Windsor and Osborne are discreet and accurate we will not discuss. But they have been made. The written, and still more the printed, words remain. It is to be hoped that the Duke is better informed in these matters than on some points of more public notoriety. The statement that that eminent peer "Lord Simpson" succeeded Lord Raglan in command in the Crimea is possibly only an illustration of the impenetrable mystery of British titles to the foreign mind. The announcements that Lord Malmesbury was Foreign Secretary in the second Administration of Lord Aberdeen and that the Protectionists were a constituent part of Lord Aberdeen's (first) Administration involve views of history different from those hitherto prevalent in England.

The Duke gives many interesting glimpses of the Court and character of Napoleon III., by whom he seems, on the whole, to have been favourably impressed. Perhaps it is part of this favourable impression which leads him to describe him as more like a German scholar than a ruler of France, conversing in a dreamy way, reciting whole poems from Schiller, and taking a pleasure in passing from French to German in conversation. The Duke was struck with a certain simplicity of candour in his Imperial host, and found little to qualify in the remark of one who knew him well:—"C'est un homme qui ne ment jamais." This candour was shown in the Emperor's review of his Italian campaign. He told the Duke when he met him in Baden-Baden that "he looked upon his Italian victories as a matter of the purest chance." The Austrians had fought much better than the French, and would have won at Solferino if Francis Joseph had let the reserves advance. As to himself, his gallantry and his perils, of which so much was said, "Je n'ai jamais entendu siffler une balle." The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was present, and narrowly escaped, when Orsini's attempt to assassinate the Emperor was made. Instead of showing the calm self-possession which history, written to order, attributes to him, "the Emperor," the Duke writes, "was like one stunned; he staggered, and I thought he was wounded." The Empress, as soon as she found that neither she nor the Emperor was injured, became perfectly composed. "The Emperor, on the other hand, remained in a fearful state of excitement; he was very pale, and showed a nervous trembling which alarmed me." The Duke concluded from what he heard of his behaviour on the 2nd of December, presumably from informants other than those who supplied Mr. Kinglake with his materials, that Napoleon III. "possessed a personal courage by far exceeding that of his uncle." What opportunity the 2nd of December gave for showing this is not apparent. Between the courage which can get itself ready long in advance for dangers from which it stands at one or two removes, and the courage which leaves a man master of himself, unshaken and unfrightened, at the sudden explosion of peril, there is a wide interval.

We must leave much that is interesting in these two volumes unnoticed. The translation is apparently faithful, even to an excessive exactitude in the reproduction of German idioms and of the technical vocabulary of the German schools.

GEORGE ELWES CORRIE.*

MEMORIALS of the Life of George Elwes Corrie is a book whose *raison d'être* is well explained by a passage in its Preface:—"Without claiming for the subject of these Memoirs either heroic excellence or immunity from human frailty, it is believed that he merits a place in one of those niches of the Temple of Academic History which were left unfilled by the lamented author of the 'Lives of Twelve Good Men.'"

Indeed, when we of the present generation think of the late Dr. Corrie, his patriarchal age appears to us to have been his leading characteristic, and thus we are led insensibly to compare him with Dr. Routh, a man with whom he had little in common except his conservative principles and his theological learning. Dr. Routh shut himself up in a heated room, and became so complete a myth that many members of his college never saw so much as the top of his historical wig. Dr. Corrie delighted in the fresh air, did not affect any anachronisms in dress, and was a familiar figure in the University of Cambridge almost to the last. His work was indeed almost finished when most of those who now remember him first made his acquaintance; but no one can read Miss Holroyd's living memoir of her uncle without feeling that he was a man of mark, notable for many things besides mere longevity.

The family of Corrie was of Scottish origin, and traced their descent from the Macphersons of Cluny, one of whom in troublous times changed his name to Corrie for purposes of concealment.

* *Memorials of the Life of George Elwes Corrie, D.D., Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, Rector of Newton in the Isle, sometime Norrisian Professor in the University of Cambridge.* Edited by M. Holroyd. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1890.

Roger Corrie, born about 1635, was one of the old Covenanters, and we cannot help following out this hint and discovering characteristic Covenanting touches in the character of his descendant, in his doubt as to the lawfulness of reading the newspaper on Sunday, and in his dour abhorrence of Romanism, a feeling which his visits to Ireland and the Continent only intensified. Roger Corrie's grandson, John, who was born in 1722, was present at the battle of Culloden, and was proud of telling his grandchildren of the part he took in the engagement. He fought on the Hanoverian side, and maintained his opinions through life—"We were always on the wrong side in those days," Mr. Corrie would say. This terrible old gentleman's son took Holy Orders, and lived for many years in Lincolnshire, where his sons were born. George, the youngest, was born at Colsterworth, the birth-place of Isaac Newton, in 1793. At this time his aged and now blind grandfather formed one of the family, and the grandsons listened with delight to his stories of bygone battles and adventures. One seems to think that there must be something wrong here; that it must have been impossible for one whom we met in the prosaic nineteenth-century street a year or two ago to have talked familiarly with a man who fought in '45. We have no intention of giving an abstract of Dr. Corrie's life, but we may notice that the healthy tastes for riding, shooting, and outdoor pursuits which he learned at Colsterworth were never forgotten, and probably had much to do with the extraordinary vital powers which he displayed. He was fortunate in having as the Master of his college, St. Catharine's, an excellent rider, Dr. Proctor, who, as he became less able to enjoy horse-exercise, would frequently offer him the use of a horse. When thus mounted on one occasion he met Dr. Ainslie, the tutor of Pembroke, who, noticing the animal which he rode, exclaimed, "Does your Master keep the tutor in horses?" With his quiet dry humour, Mr. Corrie replied, "Certainly; does not your Master do the same?" And on being assured that such was not the case, added, "Then I wonder any gentleman will hold the tuition."

Corrie was made assistant tutor as soon as he had taken his degree. Thus his official connexion with the University began in the year 1817. In 1838 he was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity, and in 1849 Master of Jesus College. At the time of his greatest activity in the University we find him writing, preaching, and lecturing, till, as he complained, he got only six hours in bed out of the twenty-four; yet he seems always to have found time to cheer the faint-hearted and unhappy. How many Cambridge dons have written in their diaries such a passage as the following?—

Oct. 23, 1842.—One of my freshmen pupils came to me in a state of great nervous excitement at the feeling of solitariness. I desired him to remain with me till Chapel, and he went away in much better spirits.

We do not think so much of this anecdote in itself, touching as it is, as because it shows that Corrie had already established such a reputation as would tempt a lonely home-sick boy to confide in him. Indeed, his rare power of sympathy and making himself beloved was really the most striking part of his character. Thus an old inhabitant of his father's parish writes:—"I retain in my memory lessons I received when a Sunday scholar which the late Dr. Corrie taught me, and can repeat them now, although seventy years are passed."

It was this same sympathetic spirit which led him to the Kettering Union Workhouse "with his pockets full of spinning-tops and string for the boys." And that the younger members of his college relied on his hearty sympathy for them was shown in a touching fashion in 1875, when, immediately on the return of the Jesus crew to college as head of the river, on the last night of the races in that year, they repaired to the lodge, and sent in an urgent request that the Master would come and speak to them. He was at the time entertaining a party of friends at dinner, who, fully entering into the interest of the event, accompanied him, to find the undergraduates assembled in the cloisters eagerly awaiting his arrival. The vigorous cheering soon subsided into perfect silence while, beginning with words of hearty congratulation and commendation of the perseverance which had met with its reward, their aged Master affectionately urged on them the exercise of the same determination in the graver pursuits of life, with the prospect of corresponding success. The scene was one which would not easily be forgotten by those present.

At the present day public opinion is so sensitive in the matter of pluralism that it strikes one as audacious that the Bishop of Ely should have chosen the Master of a Cambridge college (his own appointment) as the best man whom he could appoint to the choicest living in his gift, believing him to be "able to effect a most desirable improvement in a district of which he never thought without pain." Yet his experiment proved singularly successful. Dr. Corrie not only built a school at his own expense, restored the church, rebuilt and reseated the chancel, and rebuilt the almshouses, but, as has been said by one who knew him well, and had been closely associated with him in many ways during the latter part of his active life,

becoming the incumbent of a country parish while yet in the full activity of mind and body, he devoted himself to his duties as a pastor, not merely conscientiously and sedulously, but with the most loving devotion to his charge. Not in the pulpit only, but in the cottage and in the school, he spoke to his people the Word of God. At a time when, owing to advancing years, many men might have sought rest by withdrawing from public ministrations, he persevered in what was the dearest occupation of his

life. Unable, from failing sight, any longer to prepare written sermons—a task on which he always devoted time and labour; for he used to say in reference to this that he would not offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing—he still spent hours in prayer and meditation every week, that he might come forth on the Lord's Day in the fulness of ripe experience and vast stores of reading to explain the Scriptures to his flock, and to proclaim the Gospel of the Grace of God. He was no professional clergyman.

The many friends whom he had the pleasure of welcoming to his country home saw him "under a very different aspect from that which his college life presented. Rural life had many charms for him. Nothing perhaps gave him more pleasure than the cultivation of trees, for which the spacious old rectory garden and grounds afforded abundant scope. Provided with a ladder and saws, he would himself with a practised hand remove dead and unsightly boughs." It is said that when asked by the tutor what should be done with a boy charged with climbing one of the trees on Christ's Piece at Cambridge—then under the control of Jesus College—he answered:—"I think, considering the Master is sometimes in a tree himself, the boy might be let off." Dr. Corrie was above eighty at this time.

His characteristics have been thus described—"Distinguished as a theologian, indefatigable as a student, able as an administrator, Dr. Corrie was in everything and above all a consistent and exemplary Christian clergyman." Let us add that he was a Master of whom Jesus College may well be proud, and that his strong, original, lovable character has found in his niece, Miss M. Holroyd, an able as well as an affectionate biographer.

AN ISRAELITE INDEED.*

THE diaries of the good man whom the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury rightly called a "grand old Hebrew, better than many Christians," tell us all that we need know of the public life of one whose good can never be interred with his bones; but Dr. Loewe does not supplement or illustrate this interesting narrative of events with any of the side-lights which should illuminate the records of the life of a man who achieved so many noble deeds. Sir Moses Montefiore's character is drawn in outline. There are no brightening gleams of sunshine, there are none of the shades necessary to the completion of a perfect portrait. Local colour is absent from the picture. No doubt the Jewish patriot had a temper as sweet as his natural disposition; but we have a wish, almost a right, to know whether this was the case. But if, like some other great and good men, he had occasional flashes of fierce wrath, if he did well sometimes to be angry with bigoted opponents or with his too exacting co-religionists, we should like him none the less, and we should know him all the better if such human weakness were not altogether hidden from us. We know that he was a sensible and sober man who did not believe in total abstinence, and who asked, in the words of Holy Writ, "Why should I leave my wine which cheereth both God and man?" and that he invited his teetotal friends "to drink each other's health in the choicest wine of his cellar." This looks as if the good man had a sense of humour as well as of wisdom. We can see the twinkle in his kindly eye as he spoke. But Dr. Loewe records the story without a smile and without seeming in the least to enjoy the fun of it. We know that Sir Moses loved to visit great men and foreign potentates, wearing his "full uniform" and with his sheriff's chain of office dangling round his neck. Dr. Loewe sees him do it, and keeps his countenance as unruffled as that of an undertaker's mute. Of course as a fellow-Israelite the Doctor sees nothing incongruous in Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore going, when they were too tired to walk, in sedan-chairs to the synagogue, because it would be sin to break the Sabbath by performing the journey in a cab or in the well-horsed coach. We are, however, grateful to Dr. Loewe for what he does tell us, and we are very forgiving for what his prudence, or his sense of the fitness of things, has induced him to withhold.

Sir Moses Montefiore was born in the year 1784, at Leghorn. His parents came to England, and little Moses was sent to Kennington School as a day-boy. As a man he became a captain of militia and a broker on the Stock Exchange. He had close business and friendly alliance with the Rothschilds, the Cohens, the Mocattas, the Avigdors, and other distinguished Jewish families. His wife, whom he devotedly loved, and whose memory he fondly cherished, was a Miss Cohen. We have all read of the seven visits paid by Sir Moses to Jerusalem, and of the good offices his distinguished position enabled him to do there to his persecuted co-religionists. His last visit to the Holy Land was undertaken when he was in his ninety-first year. Seven years later he was with difficulty dissuaded from going to St. Petersburg to intercede once more with the Czar for the ill-treated Jews. He had made before this journeys to other countries, especially to Morocco and Roumania, in the same good cause. No difficulties frightened him. If there were lions in his path, he coaxed or frightened them out of it. We cannot be sure that his ear was not a little too open to the complaints which were poured into it. Prince Charles of Roumania on one occasion hinted to him through his Minister for Foreign Affairs that he might, perhaps, sometimes

mistake molehills for mountains. Sir Moses was intensely grateful to his friend Lord Beaconsfield for making it a condition of Roumania's recognition by the Great Powers that the new kingdom should concede the right of citizenship to the native Jews.

It is but just to say that when his facts were called in question by such earnest men as the late Dr. Macleod, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, Sir Moses was always able to substantiate them. His manners were doubtless sweet and winning. Kings and Ministers were ever ready to smile upon him. Lord Palmerston, whom he calls "a good and a great man," was always kindly disposed to him. So was Lord Clarendon (when was he not kind and helpful to those who wanted help?). Even the austere Mr. (afterwards Lord) Hammond condescended to poke kindly fun at him.

Sir Moses Montefiore was a Conservative, and therefore a patriot in the highest sense of the word. If he were first a Jew, it was hardly in a secondary degree that he was a true Englishman. He loved the traditions and the glory of the land which he always considered his own. Two Sovereigns, and especially Her present Most Gracious Majesty, had in him a servant as devoted and loyal as any born subject of the monarchy that ever lived. In the most provincial, as well as in the widest, sense of the word, he loved his neighbours. These volumes show how dear the Ramsgate folk were to him, and how ungrudgingly they returned his love and did him honour. But the feature in his character which stands forth in boldest relief was his strong conviction of the ever-abiding presence of God and of his special providence. There is something childlike and beautiful in his absolute trust in his Maker's fatherhood. No good thing happens to him without his raising songs of praise and thanksgiving. In 1836 the Duchesse of Kent asks him to dinner, and he writes in his Diary:—"Praised be Him from whom all honour and distinction flows" (*sic*). God was ever to him

A feasting Presence, full of light.

His happiness ever showed itself in hymns and songs of praise. And in this happy faith he lived till

old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Had led him to the grave.

Being dead, his works still speak for him, and beckon others on the path to virtue. "The good man never dies."

THE HISTORICAL CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF SCOTLAND.*

THE publication of *Rokeby* in 1813 gave Moore occasion to write some lines in the *Two-penny Post-bag*, which Lockhart considers as having exercised an unfavourable influence on the sale of the poem. Moore wrote that the Scotch minstrel, having quitted the Border

to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages to Town;
And beginning with *Rokeby* (the job's sure to pay),
Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats by the way.

We trust that any similar remarks of ours may not hinder the sale of what, in many respects, is a meritorious work. But at the author's present rate of progress it will require years and decades before the old castles of Scotland are exhaustively described. It has taken more than four hundred pages to do justice to two counties, Perthshire and Forfarshire. Even allowing that succeeding volumes may embrace three and four of the smaller counties, and that Ayrshire has already been provided for separately, it is obvious that a large field has yet to be surveyed. We cannot put this work on the same level as the *Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland*, the third volume of which was reviewed in this journal in March last. Mr. Millar's object and aims are legends and histories, and not changes in the structure of keeps and battlements, rendered necessary and politic by comparative progress and peace. Not that the author is wholly indifferent to the alterations and improvements which some of the finest old castles have undergone. He has given us more than forty sketches of the outside and the inside of baronial mansions. He is careful to note the havoc caused by fires; the fortunate discovery of ruins buried under tons of earth; the ingenious contrivances by which ancient towers have been converted into comfortable modern residences; and he has taken much trouble to record the vicissitudes of families and the devolution of estates. With old ballads, modern poetry, heirlooms and portraits, he is equally familiar. Legal documents and private memoranda have been placed at his disposal; and he has generally shown discrimination and judgment in criticizing, rejecting, or accepting "auld wives' tales." A good deal of the narrative is, no doubt, of local interest only. But Englishmen who look on Scotch scenery and antiquities as their autumnal pleasure-ground may find worse guides than Mr. Millar.

We take, first, specimens of castles still possessed by representatives of old Scotch houses. Southrons are sometimes perplexed by the fact that Kinnaird Castle belongs, not to the family

* *Diaries of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, comprising their Life and Work as recorded in their Diaries from 1812 to 1883.* Edited by Dr. L. Loewe. 2 vols. with Illustrations. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

* *Historical Castles and Mansions of Scotland, Perthshire and Forfarshire.* By A. H. Millar, P.S.A. Scot., Author of "The History of Rob Roy," "The Story of Queen Mary," "Castles and Mansions of Ayrshire," &c. &c. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1890.

of that name, but to the Earl of Northesk. The ancestral seat of the Kinnairds, now represented by the eleventh holder of the title, is Rossie Priory. Like many others, the old house was destroyed by a fire some hundred and fifty years ago, and the modern house is a monument of the taste and skill of John Atkinson, who began life as a carpenter near Durham in 1773. The author truly says that this village artisan developed into the most fashionable architect of his day, and that, in addition to Rossie Priory, he either constructed or improved Scone, Abbotsford, Taymouth, Rosebery, and Bowhill. He had the reputation of being an excellent chemist, botanist, and geologist; but it may be questioned whether his memory does not survive fully as much by the cement to which he gave his name as by his architectural designs. To the attractions of a well-selected site and a magnificent view, Rossie Priory adds rich treasures of sculpture and painting. They were collected by the ninth Baron. It is curious to find amongst heads of Roman Emperors and female Saints, and the ashes of a Roman Priestess, mention of a bronze bust of Voltaire by an unknown artist. Perhaps by a family of strict and sound religious views, the bust of the cynical philosopher is retained to serve the purpose of the drunken Helot.

Writing of Glamis Castle the author preserves discretion about its mysterious chamber. But not the less does he vouch for the existence of such an apartment, of which the entrance is concealed or known only to three persons in each generation. And to make up for any disappointment on this head, Mr. Millar was allowed access to a Book of Record or Series of Memoranda, written by the first Earl of Strathmore and eleventh Lord of Glamis, rather more than two centuries ago. In spite of a long minority which ought to have provided him with ample funds, that nobleman found himself the possessor of two castles, neither of which was fit for habitation. However, he set to work to make Castle Lyon decent, and to repair or rather rebuild, Castle Glamis. For the whole of one winter he, his wife, and children, lodged "in the storey of the old house on the top of the great staircase." He, apparently, avoided a common mistake of his ancestors, who had been so ill advised as to plant trees to the south of the house, instead of at the north, north-east, and north-west. He altered the forecourt, which had two green plots on each side of the paved walk, "a strange, confused, and unmodelled piece of business and a great eye-sore." He disapproved of keeping hay in the loft near the entrance because a fire was commonly the end of all haylofts. He drained the water of the big ditches near the castle, which made it "exceedingly marshy and weat." And he built walls to the "gardine, bowling-green, kitchen gardens, and back court." All this he accomplished in eighteen years without resorting to "Public Architecturs" and "Messens," whose talents commonly lay within the four walls of a house. As might be imagined with a proprietor not *sui profusus*, these excellent results were not accomplished without divers disputes about board and wages. One Andrew Wright, a tenant-farmer in Glamis, was not allowed anything for putting up curtains or hangings. His proper work was with lath, stone, and plaster; and the Earl thought that instead of charging for this strange business, Wright "should give me something for learning him to be an upholsterer." Masons gave even more annoyance. They were men of shameless greed, who, for laying a walk with stone, wanted eight pounds (Scotch?) and "ane firlof of meal per rood of work." Eventually he agreed to give eight marks and the firlof of meal. He concludes his account by an observation that their "design is upon task work to take it always soe that they may have wages thereby and a third part more." And to give daily wages is what "noe master is able to subsist by." "The only way not to be cheated is to have noe work." A Dutch decorator named De Witt or De Wet, who had resorted to several mean artifices—employing, for instance, a local painter to do work for him which he charged for as his own—after some controversy, received 105*l.* instead of a sum claimed of 130*l.* The author of these remarks seems to have been much helped by a sensible wife, who held the sound doctrine that nothing contributed "soe much to the destruction and utter ruin of furniture as the transporting of it." And he accords some praise to his own father, who had replaced an "old scurvie battlement" by an "inteer new roofe," and substituted a proper kitchen for what had been a mere "chimney with a timber brace carried up, with patcht straw and clay, full of hazard for taking of fire." The same good administration is observable in the enclosure of meadows or meddaws, which had previously been common pasture, and in the removal of earth-houses or cottar houses appended to the barns, which were small and "naughty," like the prophet's figs.

By some fatality Scotch writers in dealing with that great Eastern dependency in the making of which their countrymen have had so large a share, fall into mistakes about names and events which a little care or reference to a standard authority would have avoided. Mr. Millar occasionally errs in this way. In describing the mansion house of Garth which, with the separate estate of Glenlyon, has now passed into the possession of Sir Donald Currie, he says correctly that this house was erected some fifty years ago for the late Sir Archibald Campbell, who terminated the first Burmese war of 1825-6 by the Treaty of Yandaboo. But who could have informed the writer that that protracted war "finally resulted in the settlement of Siam and the establishment of Rangoon as a free port under the East India Company"? The first Burmese war, as any student might know, gave us the pro-

vinces of Arracan and Tenasserim, but left Lower Burma between the two and the port of Rangoon in the possession of the King of Ava. There was also a commercial treaty at that time which the Burmese repeatedly violated. With Independent Siam there was another separate treaty negotiated by the late Captain Burney, mainly with the object of preventing the Siamese from co-operating with the Burmese during the campaign. The term Settlement, moreover, in Anglo-Indian phraseology, is wholly inapplicable to dealings with any foreign State. We recommend to Sir William Hunter and to Mr. Maxwell Lyte a passage in which it is stated that the adventures of a certain Mr. Paterson in Arcot in Madras, are still to be found in manuscript at Castle Huntly. This person seems to have served in some way under Clive, to have returned to Scotland in 1776, to have introduced several improvements into agriculture and gardening, and to have lived down to 1817. The manuscripts alluded to contain, it is said, the record of Paterson's services in India on sundry delicate and important negotiations. Are we to understand that Castle Huntly, like Belvoir, may contain valuable aids to history which have just managed to escape fires, rats, and housemaids?

The Scotch property of Lindertis, not far from Kirriemuir, is now in the possession of the son of another Indian statesman, Sir Thomas Munro, who was Governor of Madras between 1820 and 1826. His military and diplomatic services are correctly enumerated by Mr. Millar. But there is no mention of Munro's excellent arrangements for the land revenue. Here the term "Settlement" misapplied to Siam, would have been quite correct. It seems difficult even for well-informed English writers to appreciate fully the meaning and force of a Settlement of the Indian Revenue, whether it is effected with big Talukdars, with co-parcenary communities, or with separate small peasant proprietors. Such a measure is practically the foundation of all civil order and social progress whatever. Nothing can go on—not even a Congress—until it has been carefully planned and systematically carried out.

That we should meet with castles and towers introduced into the *Waverley Novels* under other names was what we looked for, and we are not disappointed. As students of Scottiana know, Craighall, on the Erich not far from Blairgowrie, and the seat of General Clerk-Rattray, has been identified with Tully Veolan; Hospital Field with Monkbarrow; and Arbroath and Auchmutie with the Fairport and Musselcrag of the *Antiquary*. To Thomas the Rhymer is ascribed a good jingling couplet illustrative of the jealousy with which the residents of old burghs looked on the rise of new and progressive townships. An inscription on the monument of Alexander, the fourth son of King Robert II. known as the Wolf of Badenoch, stating that he was of good or, as the author puts it, of pious memory, is curious. It is some satisfaction to be told that in an age of turbulence, oppressors were occasionally brought to book. For the offence of burning the Tower of Forres, and almost destroying the cathedral of Elgin, this "Wolf" was compelled by his sovereign to do penance before the high altar of the Church of the Dominicans at Perth. Macaulay has truly remarked that it is better for men to be governed by priestcraft than by brute violence, by such a prelate as Dunstan than by such a warrior as Penda. It is also refreshing, amongst old inscriptions, quotations from Aytoun, and allusions to Scott, to come on a new poem—short, indeed, but too long to quote—by a statesman who owes more to classical studies than in his Parliamentary days he was wont to admit. In the garden of Cortachy Castle, one of the seats of the Earl of Airlie, trees were planted to commemorate visits of the Duchess of Edinburgh and Mr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol. Some graceful lines about trees and friendship inscribed on a tablet in a summer-house in the grounds, bear the signature of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. We trust that Lord Sherbrooke has not forgotten them.

We have no space for notice of other castles and ruins not of the first rank, but still suggestive of vigorous characters and rude times. There are murders and reprisals, anecdotes of Queen Mary, of the luckless Stuarts, of the pedantic James VI, and of the Forty-five. This book is the result of much research; the illustrations are accurate and graphic; and there is a good index which is much wanted for reference in such a crowd of names.

THE ROMANOFFS.*

DISCURSIVE remarks on Russian affairs would, on the whole, be a more accurate description of the contents of this book than is afforded by its title. Although Mr. Edwards is better acquainted with the Russia of the last half-century than with its earlier history, he begins before the accession of the Romanoff dynasty, with the reign of Ivan the Terrible. We can scarcely forgive him for spoiling the famous story of the Tsar's threat to nail Sir Jerome Bowes's hat to his head, for when rightly told it is gratifying to our patriotic feelings; nor should he have quoted with apparent approval the verse of a Polish poet which charges Ivan with stupidity; he was, of course, horribly cruel, but stupid he certainly was not. A confusion between the two false Demetriuses shows some carelessness, for they had

* *The Romanoffs: Tsars of Moscow and Emperors of Russia.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

different careers and came to different ends, and the interference of the Poles renders the story of each of special importance. Sophia, the half-sister of Peter the Great, was, we should have thought, too remarkable a woman to be forgotten; here, however, we are told that, after the death of Ivan, Peter was associated in the Imperial dignity with "Natalia his sister"; Natalia was the name of his mother. About Peter himself we have virtually nothing, and we are told that after his death "no Russian sovereign engaged much the attention of Europe until Catherine II. ascended the throne." Elizabeth was a good deal talked about in her time. Mr. Edwards makes no attempt to arrange his remarks. After recording the death of Catherine II. he announces "We must here speak of" the attempt of the Dolgoroukis to establish constitutional government at the accession of Anne. When he comes to the reign of Paul he begins to write more at length, and gives some curious details about the Tsar and Souvaroff from the Memoirs of Prince Czartoryski. His first visit to Russia took place soon after the accession of Alexander II., and he can, therefore, speak from personal knowledge of the period of change from the system of repression enforced by Nicholas to the more liberal administration established by his successor. While for some time after the death of Nicholas his system was nominally maintained, it was no longer seriously applied, and some strange instances are given of the extraordinary laxity which prevailed in every public department. Mr. Edwards has a good deal to say on the relations between England, France, and Russia during the ten years preceding the Crimean War, on the Memorandum of Count Nesselrode, the opinion held here and elsewhere as to the Tsar's interference in Hungary, and the duplicity of Russian diplomats. In his last chapter he expounds the "Panslavonian doctrine," which in Russia signifies "that in a true Slavonian country, organized on a true Slavonian basis, every inhabitant must belong to a commune, and enjoy a right to a portion of communal land, while the country in general must belong to the Orthodox Church." He notes the failure in Poland of the Marquis Wielopolski's experiment in Panslavonianism, and discusses the extent to which the idea is, or may be expected to become, an element in the politics of Eastern Europe. This is, perhaps, the part of his book best worth reading; as a whole, it is scarcely so interesting or so instructive as might be expected from his evident familiarity with Russian society.

ISLANDS OF THE ÆGEAN.*

MR. TOZER knows the Ægean Sea and all things and persons concerned with it so well that he is a little apt to credit his readers with more knowledge on these subjects than they probably possess. This narrative of his three cruises amongst these islands, charming as it is in many respects, is wanting in life and description. It is all very well to have an interesting dissertation on Lemnian earth, on the history of bygone atrocities, on Chios. Points archaeological and historical are well treated with a scholarly touch, and there is not too much of them; but at the same time the Greek islanders are a quaint and interesting race themselves, left alone in their primitive insignificance by the rest of the world, and deserving of closer attention than Mr. Tozer has given to them. For example, on Sikinos there exists only one village, interesting and fortified, built on a stupendous cliff overhanging the sea. Mr. Tozer is one of the few who have visited the island, and though he visited an Hellenic temple and describes it well, he has not a word to say about the village.

Mr. Tozer's remarks on Crete are of special value just now, writing as he did from personal experience of the interior of the island at a time when it was at peace. He adds to the many instances of the childish effiteness of the Turkish Government, telling us how his *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* was confiscated (a decidedly useless book, by the way, in the midst of the Ægean Sea) on landing in Crete—"No doubt regarded as a highly cabalistic volume." Ridiculous restrictions prevented the travellers from visiting castles which have about as much strategical value as Carisbrook or Corfe; for the Turkish officials said of Mr. Tozer and his companion "What can a priest and a military man want in the island if they have no political object?"

The accounts of Patmos, Santorin, and Rhodes are very interesting, consolidating material from more voluminous works into compact and readable chapters; but many readers will be puzzled by his oft-recurring words of "hegumen" and "kaloyer" for superior and monk. Surely it is better to give the Greek form as it exists—namely, "hegoumenos" and "kalogeros"—than two hybrid words, of which the first at least practically belongs to no language. Mr. Tozer's remarks on the nomenclature of the island of Lemnos are capable of amplification. "I may mention," he says, "that the name of Stalimene, though in most modern maps it is given as the appellation of the island, is now wholly unknown, and only that of Lemnos is used." In like manner, Scarpanto for Karpathos, Stanco for Kos, and many similar instances, have ceased to exist, except on our Admiralty charts. When Italians heard Greeks talk of going *eis tēn Ko*, they contracted it into Stanco, *eis Káprado*, Scarpanto, &c. &c.,

just as the Turks have created the words Stamboul, Ismidt, and Isnik out of *eis tēn pólin*, Nicomedia and Nicea; but in Greek waters such forms no longer exist, the alteration being of course due to the recent fancy for "Hellenizing back."

One of the oddest episodes of Mr. Tozer's three voyages was finding on the almost inaccessible island of Samothrace a man in possession of a post-card from Mr. Gladstone. This person had written a pamphlet on Greek accentuation, a copy of which he had sent to Mr. Gladstone. Unable to read English, the poor man was unaware what a prize he was possessed of until Mr. Tozer came and translated it for him, and identified the signature, which was, "to say the truth, somewhat hieroglyphical."

A COMPANION TO HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

THERE are few subjects on which it is more difficult to maintain a judicial impartiality than the subject of hymns. It has been rather a fashion with purely literary critics to sneer at them—a fashion due to some extent, no doubt, to a certain incompatibility of temper (which, however, did not exist in the case of Johnson, the arch-sneerer), but due also to a revulsion, itself not wholly critical, from the indiscriminating fervour with which devotees have both written and received sacred poetry for singing. Independently of this general critical recalcitrance, there are many curious individual maggots about hymns. We remember reading years ago a book of casual reflections purporting to be written, and from some parts of it appearing to be written, by a person of literary taste and cultivation, in which the writer gravely, and almost with tears in his eyes, protested against the absurd estimate entertained by some persons of *Dies Iræ*. Now the fact is, that a man who cannot see the poetry of *Dies Iræ* cannot really see any poetry whatever. He may like some things, because they appeal to him for extra-poetic reasons; but he does not like them because they are poetry. If, indeed, he be a partisan of the modern rococo pronunciation of Latin—of "In-khorn" and "Ta-phouse"—there is some excuse for him, for half the beauty disappears then. But to a man of English birth and English taste, and probably to foreigners also (for Latin, which was never much of a national language, accommodates itself to every nation),

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget manes ante thronum.

and

Querens me sedisti lassus,
Redimisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus,

almost exhaust the possibilities of poetic sound united to sense. To beat them you must go to the Sirens' Song in the *Odyssey*, or to the Francesca passage in the *Inferno*, or to the death scene in *Antony and Cleopatra*. But you may match them frequently in the hymns themselves, and King Robert (a poor creature, if you like, but an uncommonly good poet) shall do it:—

Consolator optime,
Dulcis spes anime,
Dulce refrigerium:
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In metu solatium.

We once drove a good man nearly mad by telling him that, if he did not see the particular beauty of "dulce refrigerium" in this stanza, he never would know anything about poetry till his dying day. But it was the truth.

No language seems to us to have approached Latin for hymn-writing except English, and that fitfully. Fine as many of the Greek hymns are, they seem (perhaps because the system of music to which they were written is less familiar) strained at times, and destitute of spontaneity and flow. We very much doubt whether there ever was a good hymn in French. The usual *cantique* is a mere literary exercise, and the first line of one of the few examples which Mr. Moorsom gives—"Faisons éclater notre joie"—is enough to condemn the whole. It is the "Courons! nous le jurons!" style—an absolutely hopeless thing. Of Welsh we cannot, unfortunately, speak; there are certainly some very noble hymns translated from it, or presumably composed in it. German has some very good, though we think no first-rate, hymns. It has the trochaic rhythm, which is specially suitable, the richness of mixed vowel and consonant effect, the natural music. But its hymn style is a little facile and familiar. But in English, with which we have principally to do, the low estate and repute of hymns seem to us to have arisen rather from the indiscriminate character of the hymn-singer's acceptance than from the want of merit of the best hymns themselves. It is all very well to laugh at Dr. Watts; we have generally found that those who did so knew very little about his works. But Watts could write. As for Charles Wesley, if "Jesu, lover of my soul," be not good poetry as well as good theology, may we be condemned to read Mr. Lewis Morris of Penbryn for the rest of

* *A Historical Companion to Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Containing the Greek and Latin, the German, Italian, French, Danish, and Welsh Hymns, the first lines of the English Hymns, the names of all Authors and Translators, Notes and Dates. Edited by the Rev. Robert Maude Moorsom, M.A. London and Oxford: Parker & Co.

* *Islands of the Ægean*. By the Rev. H. F. Tozer. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

our days. To see how good "Rock of Ages" is, you have only to look at Mr. Gladstone's version of it into a language supposed to be more suitable, and compute what is lost. And Cowper, and Newton, and Lyte, and Cardinal Newman, and Faber, and Keble, and, perhaps best of all, Miss Christina Rossetti? The attempt to belittle such compositions as the best of these authors' is simply absurd; and the absurdity, we fear, is very much due to a crotchet of the most brilliant but the most unsafe English critic of the last half of this century, Mr. Matthew Arnold, in those moods which made him also commit his famous blunder about *The Lays of Ancient Rome*. Because large numbers of hymns offended, and justly offended, Mr. Arnold as a man of letters and a man of taste, he used language about them which might justify fools in sneering at hymns generally. There was more excuse for Johnson, but still not quite enough.

The first danger of the hymn, of course, is that, being addressed not to the elect, but to the laity, it has a natural tendency to become Tupperian or Morrisian in order to suit the laity's tastes. The second is that, more than any other species of poetry, it is liable to be vitiated by *clichés*—stock phrases which are, as it were, a key to the heart of the uninstructed, but a stumbling-block in the way of the critical. The third is that, employing strong imagery, drawn for the most part from a language alien from English, it is apt to shock taste. We have known very superior (not superfine) persons who never could get over the first two lines of Cowper's extremely beautiful "There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Emmanuel's veins." To the true critic, of course, these things are as wholly immaterial as they are to most pious Evangelicals, though for very different reasons. But then the true critic (by which we understand the person who makes instant and almost unconscious allowance for the things that are to be allowed for) is not a common person. Mr. Palgrave, in his recently published and excellent *Treasury of Sacred Song*, has done something to dispel a very gross and unfortunate error. But perhaps even he might have done more by giving a smaller selection of authors or a selection of pieces still more narrowly sifted.

Mr. Moorsom's book, to which we have referred almost too scantily hitherto, is a real and interesting contribution to hymnology. Its author, indeed, exhibits certain eccentricities. His unflinching Anglicanism deserves the heartiest praise in itself; as, also, his sense and expression of the enormous advantage accruing to the modern man from every additional recognition of the fact that he is heir to time, is connected with those famous men, his fathers, before him, is a citizen of no mean city in Church and State. So great are these merits that we should like to give nothing but praise to Mr. Moorsom. He is, however, not wholly discreet. We shall not be suspected here of any excessive tenderness for Nonconformists. We do not like "verts," and we have no extraordinary or idolatrous admiration for *Hymns Ancient and Modern* itself. But with regard to the latter, though it has many faults—an indiscriminate and uncritical admission, a too great indifference to purity of text, an occasional exclusion which is as irrational as the admission, and a bad habit of something a little like garbling—we cannot conceive how any one who is a judge of literature, and who remembers what hymn-books used to be before it, can fail to be grateful for it. It is, therefore, rather unkind of Mr. Moorsom to hope that, "if his readers notice some excellences they have not previously thought of in it, they will also mark its defects." And his "guiding principle," that "no hymn should be admitted that did not issue from a Churchman's heart and head," appears to us difficult to carry out. If we wanted to show how difficult it is to carry it out, Mr. Moorsom would give us ample texts in his biographical descriptions, which are bewildering. The Rev. John Wesley, for instance, "was born, lived, and died a member of the Anglican Church." *A la bonne heure!* We have no objection to that. But if Wesley was "of the Anglican Church," why is Cowper "of the Church of England"? Why is Newton "of the Anglo-Catholic Church"? Why these "variations," as some new Bossuet might vainly talk? Then Sir Walter Scott is "of the Church of Scotland," as he certainly was; but other people who agreed with him are of "the Scotch Episcopal Church, the Ancient Church of Scotland" (true, but clumsy), and others who do not agree with him are sometimes "of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland," and sometimes "of the Established Church of Scotland." Then we find some one of "the Church of Africa." That is large; we fear the Church of Africa is not quite one and indivisible. "Verts" fare even worse. The late Mr. Caswall is kindly described as being "of the Anglo-Catholic Church. In 1847 he joined the Anglo-Roman body." So be it! "Deal gently with thy brother's fall." But, after this, is it not a little rough to find that poor Father Faber "left the Church of England for the Roman schism in England" just a year before? Does not this savour of respecting persons?

However, these little eccentricities matter very little. It matters even less that in the index of "less common Greek words" there occurs *μερίδιος*, which surely any classical scholar ought to recognize; *παρρηγορία*, to which, if he did not know the exact word, the well-known *παρηγοίει δὲ μέγας δόμος* of Alcæus would serve as a key; *δαδουχία*, about which there surely could be no doubt at all; and one or two others; while the Latin index of uncommon words is also liberal. The important thing is that Mr. Moorsom has here given an exceedingly useful companion to a valuable book. The later editions of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* may, as Mr. Thackeray said of Greek

ladies, have "bulged beyond the line of beauty." But it must always be reckoned a most fortunate thing that just at the nick of time such a man as the late Sir Henry Baker should have been moved to direct such an undertaking. The author of "The King of Love my Shepherd is" had the root of the matter in him, and neither half a generation earlier nor half a generation later could the book have had anything like the chance of general acceptance that it had in 1861, when the Anglo-Catholic movement had thoroughly leavened the Church and the later heats of "Ritualism" had not arisen. The accounts of various Liturgies and Service Books here are good, and altogether there is much miscellaneous matter of value. But the handy presentation of the original Greek and Latin texts is the chief thing, and one for which we are not able easily to be too grateful to Mr. Moorsom. For any one who is ever likely to know what musical sound is to read "Corde natus ex parentis" or "Stabat Mater" is a liberal education. From this incomparable verse all modern European lyrics sprang. To this we owe the difference between classical and romantic poetry. In the Latin hymns lie the germ and the inspiration of Shelley and Heine and Hugo.

MR. LEAR'S DRAWINGS.*

MR. LEAR was a most original and diverting humourist. His various nonsense verses and stories are an unwearying joy, and his designs for them were exactly right. To think of them is to giggle happily, or even hysterically, whether his theme be the adventures of Slingsby and Violet, or the amours of the Pussy Cat who was as long in getting married and as punctilious as Medea in Apollonius Rhodius. Never can we cease to recognize in Mrs. Jingley Jones the height of pure sentiment, and in the behaviour of the Yonghi Bonghi Bo the pattern of ill-starred but immaculate chivalry. Modern fiction has hardly a more touching page, modern poetry has no more moving lyric than that which sings the hopeless passion of the Bo, the chaste flame and the infinite regret of Mrs. Jingley Jones, and, finally, the retreat of the heart-broken but moral Bo to the sunset isle of Boshen. Nor has any poet later than Lord Tennyson touched a sweeter melody than these "Lines to an Indian Air":—

She sat upon her dhobie once
To watch the evening star,
And all the Punkabs as they passed
Said, "My! how fair you are!"

Criticism in a later age will regard the adventures of the Pobble who has no toes as among the sweetest and most sonorous elegies of the Victorian age. Dispute may arise about the difficult word "runcible." In two passages we are led to regard it as equivalent to tortoise-shell.

He has gone to look for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible cat with the crimson whiskers

is one text. The other speaks of eating with "a runcible spoon." In both the rendering "tortoise-shell" is adequate. But in a third passage, which we leave the memory of the critical student to supply, tortoise-shell, to be frank, will not serve as a translation. He who would know how Miltonian the genius of Mr. Lear could be will recall "The Great Grombolian Plain," where

He goes,
He goes,
The Dong,
The Dong with the luminous nose.

The solemn and suitable strain of "The Jumbles" also occurs to the delighted fancy:—

Far and few,
Far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live.

On Goskie patties, presumably.

We have penned this panegyric merely to show that we are not inappreciative of Mr. Lear's literary genius. But, when it comes to serious drawings of landscape in illustration of Lord Tennyson's poems, frankly he is no great artist. A volume of reproduced designs has been published, with the verses to "E. L.," with "The Palace of Art," and with "The Daisy"; also with a brief Life of Mr. Lear. The poems are classical, the Life is useful, the drawings are middling. In water-colour Mr. Lear was an agreeable amateur; here we have him without the colour.

Mr. Lear, descended from a Danish family, was born in 1812, the youngest of twenty-one brothers and sisters. He painted screens, fans, and zoological specimens, and gave drawing lessons to the Queen. He voyaged in Italy and Egypt, wrote travels, and illustrated. Albania and Mount Sinai knew him; he sketched in Greece and India; he is buried at San Remo. His illustrations of Lord Tennyson, as reproduced, are only moderate, though it is fair to say that some of them at least appear to be not so much illustrations as drawings of actual scenes which the text more or less suggested. Every one knows the stanza:—

One seemed all dark and red, a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone.

* Poems. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Illustrated by Edward Lear. London: Bousso & Valadon. 1890.

Some one, in the drawing, is an uninteresting character.

One showed an iron coast,

like a segment of a cheese. "A full-fed river" is better, but it is not the kind of river that the poet had in his mind and that we see with his eyes. There are no herds upon this endless plain. The clear walled city by the sea is not like Rossetti's, nor so enchanted. The Monaco of the picture is not the Monaco of the poem; it is in shadow, while

How like a gem, below, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glowed.

There was something liney in Mr. Lear's water-colour drawings; this, for want of colour, is accentuated in the Goupil gravures. Only one hundred copies are on sale; Lord Tennyson has added an autograph judiciously rare. But Mr. Lear's imperishable monument is in his Books of Nonsense; his pen outlives his pencil.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE papers of which M. de Banville's *L'âme de Paris* (1) consists are rather out of the common. They are partly *souvenirs*, partly studies, of Paris, conceived avowedly in a kind of Balzacian manner, but as unlike Balzac as they are unlike ordinary *souvenirs* or ordinary studies of Paris. The ordinary biographer or essayist will not derive much benefit from what M. de Banville tells of his meetings with Hugo, with Gautier, with Baudelaire. The reader who knows how to read will derive great delight from them, and from the way in which M. de Banville, whose command of "the other harmony" is only less than his command of verse, has wrought them into essays which are real essays in the sense in which Montaigne and Lamb understood the word.

We never have any great fancy for indirect titles, and we think that M. Guillois (2) might as well have called his book what it simply is: a memoir from family papers of Roucher the poet, much of which naturally—since it deals with a man who was guillotined at the age of nearly fifty—has nothing to do with the Terror at all. But we suppose every man may name his own book, even in these days when he is allowed to do as he likes with very little of his own. The book itself is welcome. Roucher is not widely known in England, nor perhaps in France; he was neither a great poet nor a great man. As a poet, he belonged to the descriptive school which Anglomani, fixing on Pope, Young, and Thomson, let loose on France in the latter years of the eighteenth century. As a man, he was one of those amiable but shortsighted people who hailed the dawn of the French Revolution without the slightest idea of what the temperature was likely to be at mid-day, and rejoiced in the classics without remembering a certain passage of the *Agamemnon* about the man who brought up a lion-cub. But his poem of *Les mois*, though conceived in the most artificial fashion, and tagged together with episodes having no real connexion, though full of noble language and so forth, manifested a strange originality, both of versification and vocabulary. Roucher, fifty years before the actual denunciation of the crime, "broke up verses, and threw them out of the window"; he was not in the least afraid of a word because it was either new or old, because it had not the sanction of the accepted authorities in style noble. His poem was, when it appeared, a dubious success, less because of these things than because the author had for years pursued the then popular but always very dangerous plan of reading and reciting privately all the fine passages. When this is done, those who have heard naturally find nothing new to say, and those who have not heard say, "Is this all?" But Roucher is a name both in French literature and (in consequence of the fate which he shared with a greater poet than himself, André Chénier) in history too. He bore his fate well as most of them did; but this is less to his glory than the fact that he was a harbinger of freedom from the Malherbe-Boileau tyranny.

The second volume of the charming edition in which M. Jouaust (3) is producing Musset's plays contains *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* and *Lorenzaccio*, exquisitely printed on beautiful paper, and with a frontispiece to each play by M. Delort. That representing *Perdican* and *Rosette* by the waterside is particularly pretty. Of *Lorenzaccio*—or rather on the point whether it is in Musset's most natural vein—there may be two opinions; there can be only one as to *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*. It is one of the few pieces which set the example of a style, which successors may equal if they can, but which nobody is likely to surpass.

M. Jouaust (4) has also done a good deed by reprinting, less sumptuously but in elegant guise, Lamennais's masterpiece. It has rather gone out of fashion of late, and those who wonder that any one can judge for himself have expressed surprise at critics who praise it. That it is a biblical *pastiche* to a certain extent, that it is occasionally in the bad and not easily translatable French sense "emphatic," that it is sometimes simply silly, may be granted. But nobody had written French in its vein for two centuries and more when it appeared; and no book did more to

remind Frenchmen that neatness, clearness, and avoidance of extremes, though precious lamps of prose, are not the only ones. There is a good preface by M. Jean Laroque.

It is rather unkind of a French *réclame* of M. Delbos's book (5) to call him "un Anglais" and "un étranger." In his name, in his claims, in his style, in his opinions M. Delbos is very French. But he has lived in England for a long time, and he does not (as he says with a shrewd hit at certain other writers) take his notions of Englishmen, and especially Englishwomen, from lodging-houses. Moreover, with a good many pet crotchets (as that Solomon was an "idiot"; that Shelley was "ignoble and disgusting"; that the English aristocracy, of which we question whether M. Delbos knows much, is "the most immoral in the world"; that there is a dreadful *clique cléricale* in England, and so forth), and a mania against sport, he has some faculty of judgment. Of things of which he knows nothing—Oxford and Cambridge, for instance—he speaks wildly enough. But his knowledge is considerably larger than M. Philippe Daryl's, and is as Pelion to a wart compared to that of the egregious M. Max O'Rell.

M. E. Delpit's *Chaine brisée* (6) is a novel of divorce more strictly of the sensational kind than is usual with Frenchmen, who are wont, even when they frisk or wallow, to observe a certain measure and probability. M. Valmore's book (7) is a curious and exceedingly unflattering picture of the French colony in Egypt at the time of Arabi's rebellion, with a certain conventional and insignificant love story thrown in. The benevolent Hephell continues his or her efforts (8) to communicate to Tarascon and Tancarville the life-giving knowledge which is already the portion of Tobolsk and Tangier.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN a second instalment of sketches of Scottish rural life and poetry, *In Scottish Fields* (Paterson & Co.)—a book to the full as interesting as its predecessor—Mr. Hugh Haliburton deals mainly with the times of Burns's boyhood and youth, with conditions of life and society that have long ceased to exist, and are past all hope of revival. Mr. Haliburton's sympathy with the good old times finds true artistic expression. It suggests, yet never insists upon, the poetic comparison of the old order and the new; the pathetic note in the pictures of the past is never marred by fractious denunciation of the present. There is not a word, disrespectful or the reverse, about steam or machinery in Mr. Haliburton's admirably self-contained and vigorous sketch, "The Old Scottish Ploughman." The man and his surroundings are rendered with Hogarthian truth. Equally suggestive are the delightful essays on "Holy Fairs" and "Revolution in the Rural Districts"; descriptive of life among the Ochills a hundred years ago, when forgotten village industries flourished, and the Holy Fair was an institution not without benefit to an agricultural community, as Mr. Haliburton effectively shows. His picture of the Ochill village suggests another lament for a ruined Auburn. Gone are the varied activities of serene contentment; gone are the meal and lint mills, the crops of flax, the household spinning and weaving, of the days when farmers did not despise weaving, and every villager was versed in handicrafts. It is impossible to contemplate Mr. Haliburton's sympathetic picture without sharing his regret for the decay of these home arts. There is much just observation in the author's essays on Burns's prose, "Burns and Highland Scenery," and the poet as a literary artist. With regard to the second subject, Gray and Thomson, it may be noted, are by no means the only poets who might be cited against the unfounded notion that the men of the eighteenth century were insensible to the wilder charms of nature; and one of the first of English writers to appreciate Burns, by the way, was that cultured devotee of the romantic in nature William Gilpin. "Our Earlier Burns," as Mr. Haliburton rather inaptly entitles an excellent paper on a poet whom Burns could scarcely have studied, or, it would seem, found entirely uninspiring, will, we trust, dispel somewhat the amazing ignorance of William Dunbar that prevails among his countrymen. Mr. Haliburton would modernize the poet. He writes in hopeful terms of the good results of a translation into the vernacular of to-day; and, to judge from the specimens he offers, he appears to be the man for the work, if, indeed, that work should be done, which we rather doubt.

From the point of view of the English reader there is a good deal to be said in favour of taking Schopenhauer in small doses, commencing with the less technical of the philosopher's writings, such as treat of subjects interesting to the human kind—a course made easy by Mr. T. Bailey Saunders's fluent translations, of which we have a second sample in *The Wisdom of Life* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) This is a rendering of the first portion of Schopenhauer's *Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit*, a series of reflections on the sources of human happiness, notable rather for felicity of illustration and definition than as supplying a guide to philosophic conduct, or a practicable philosophy of life. What is novel or striking in the discourse on fame, honour, happiness,

(1) *L'âme de Paris*. Par Théodore de Banville. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Pendant la Terreur*. Par A. Guillois. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Théâtre de Musset*. Tome II. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Paroles d'un croyant*. Par F. de Lamennais. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *Les deux rivales*. Par Léon Delbos. Paris: Savine.

(6) *Chaine brisée*. Par E. Delpit. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Les mirages*. Par Jean Valmore. Paris: Charpentier.

(8) *Les Naprazine*. Par Ouida. 2 tomes. Paris: Hachette.

and so forth, lies solely in the force of presentment his method of illustrative definition possesses. His comparative estimate of various kinds of honour is ingenious, though, like his argument against duelling, it is neither exhaustive nor new.

The Stories of the Bâgh o Bahâ (Allen & Co.), an abstract from the original text by Edith F. Parry, B.A., is a book that demands in him who would master it a cool head and the complete concentration of a mind trained in complex problems. The proverbial intricacy of Oriental stories surely reaches a climax in the maddening involutions of this narrative. There seem to be, not four stories and four dervishes, but forty—forty narrating at once, and with the one object of utterly confounding the reader. If this version, or abstract, has really simplified matters, reducing the Urdu text to what Colonel Jarrett considers "a clear and readable synopsis," it is as difficult to overrate Miss Parry's courage as to conceive the original chaos from which her abstract proceeds.

Lovers of nature and sport may be commended to Mr. Arthur Silver's *Through Miramichi with Rod and Rifle* (Halifax, N.S.: Holloway), a mere pamphlet in substance, yet an interesting record of angling and shooting on the lakes and rivers of northern New Brunswick. Voyaging in a birch-bark canoe, manned by two Indians, Mr. Silver enjoyed a variety of sporting experience on land and water, shooting moose and bear, wild duck, partridges, and had fair luck with salmon and big-headed trout. One of his guides was good at a yarn, and stored with odd superstitions. He believed, for instance, that there is much virtue in the cicada's wings. Some have "chequers" marked on their wings, he observed, some dominoes, some "card spots," and if you keep such wings in your pocket you will excel at these games.

Mr. G. C. Levey's *Handy Guide to the River Plate* (Hutchinson & Co.) is a comprehensive little book, with a good map of the Argentine Republic, the historical and descriptive information common to guide-books, and some useful statistics, with summaries derived therefrom, of the financial condition of "Argentina," Uruguay, and Paraguay. Of the resources of these countries an excellent general view is given. As to the public debt and the financial status of the Argentine Republic the writer cautiously observes that it is impossible to speak with exactitude; but he adds, significantly, "it is to be regretted that there should exist a large number of influential persons in the Argentine Republic whose interests are diametrically opposed to those of the public creditor." This regrettable circumstance is probably not peculiar to the neighbourhood of the River Plate.

In *We Two at Monte Carlo* (Chapman & Hall) Mr. Albert Vandam tells a story in the most discursive fashion conceivable. The story is a trifle extravagant, though ingeniously worked out, in spite of the frequent digressions the author falls into, which the reader is amiably invited to skip. Exasperating as these interludes are to the lover of straightforward story-telling, the skipper will lose the more interesting portion of the book—the sketches of gamblers, recollections of Homburg and M. Blanc, and other lively chronicles with which Mr. Vandam fills the pauses in his fiction.

Glimpses of Eastern Cities, by Andrew Russell, M.A. (Nisbet & Co.), is a volume of lectures delivered after the author's tour in Palestine and Egypt, and published "at the request of some who heard them." The good old plea has produced worse fruits than this harmless volume, the descriptive passages of which are fairly good specimens of the style of the book-making tourist.

A strange inequality of execution is to be noted of Mr. M. C. O'Byrne's *Upon this Rock* (Toronto: Spencer Ellis). The story wants cohesion, is clumsily planned, and occasionally positively irritating from defects of style and taste. Yet it contains some well-imagined scenes, while the sketches of Irish character show genuine power.

Mrs. J. E. Panton boldly undertakes, in *Homes of Taste* (Sampson Low & Co.), to expound the general principles that should govern the decoration of an ordinary house, "the usual builder's house," from basement and hall to nursery and servants' rooms. "Economical hints," the author styles her advice, and a little arbitrary the hints seem, though we do not dispute their general utility. For example, the instruction to the young householder that "a big fern in a cheap art pot must, of course, be in the centre of the table" savours of mystery, if not of tyranny.

Mr. Herbert Fry's *London in 1890* (Allen & Co.), with its excellent maps, panoramic street views, and well-arranged information, is altogether an admirable guide for visitors to London and its suburbs.

We have received the second edition of *A General View of the Criminal Law of England*, by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen (Macmillan & Co.); a new edition in one volume of Mr. Clark Russell's *Marooned* (Macmillan & Co.); *Some Account of the Writings and Opinions of Clement of Alexandria*, by Dr. Kaye, late Bishop of Lincoln, "Ancient and Modern Theological Library" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *A Class-book of Geography*, by William Balfour Irvine (Relfe Brothers); *Morna Lee; and other Poems*, by M. H. Foote, second edition (Gordon & Gotch); *Gettysburg; and other Poems*, by Isaac Pennypacker (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates); and *Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm*, edited with notes by Silvester Primer (Boston: Heath & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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